

AMERICA

A CATHOLIC REVIEW OF THE WEEK

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Chronicle

Home News.—Official word came from Washington over the Fourth of July that the President was vigorously pushing his plan for the reorganization of executive departments. This plan involves the twofold principle of efficiency and economy by simplifying governmental operations. At present it was said that from forty to fifty bureaus and boards are doing related work in the various departments. The appointment of a departmental committee will be the first step taken to transfer the Prohibition Unit to the Department of Justice. After that the Shipping Board, the Veterans' Bureau, the Pensions Bureau and the Soldiers' Home Board will be reorganized. The Veterans' and Pensions Bureaus together spend more than \$730,000,000 yearly.—The Farm Board received further appointments in the persons of William F. Schilling, a dairy cooperative executive, and Carl Williams, a cotton grower; Secretary of Agriculture Hyde is an *ex-officio* member of the Board. The other two members will represent wheat and banking and their appointment was expected before July 15, when the first meeting was to be held.—Hopes for an immediate de-

crease in taxes were dashed by the President when it was announced that all of the large surplus would be immediately taken up by the extraordinary deficit in the Post Office Department, the political organ of the party in power. Incidentally, this year's figures on income taxes show that the State of New York returned 28.7 percent of the total. All the eastern and north-central States showed increases, while the southern and middle-western showed decreases.

A serious international situation was revealed on July 8, when in response to a call from the Senate Finance Committee, the State Department transmitted to it a synopsis of the protests made by foreign countries against the House tariff bill. There were thirty-eight protests in all, from twenty-five countries, and two-thirds of these were made officially, in the names of their respective Governments. The protests referred to both agricultural and industrial products. Meanwhile, Senator Simmons of North Carolina, a well known high protectionist though a Democrat, announced the program of the Democratic party when the revised bill reaches the Senate. This involves three plans, a lowering of the industrial schedules, maintenance of high agricultural schedules, and repeal of the administrative features which allow unprecedented autonomy to the executive branch of the Government in levying taxation.

Two national incidents revealed the present temper of the country on Prohibition. At the annual convention of the American Medical Association, Dr. William S. Thayer, President, brought the issue of Federal intolerance and meddling in private affairs before the delegates. His speech met an instant response from Dr. Clarence True Wilson, who was also in Portland observing the convention.—At the second celebration of the seventy-fifth anniversary of the Republican party, held at Jackson, Mich., Secretary Arthur M. Hyde and Dr. Hubert Work, Chairman of the Republican National Committee, called upon the people of the country to support the President in enforcing Prohibition. Dr. Work said there were three dominant issues before the country, "protection, because it is fundamental to prosperity; prosperity, because it is essential to all human progress; Prohibition, because it is a law to be enforced and is deemed essential to economic prosperity and good morals." He also deplored the trend towards paternalism, as evinced in government ownership, presumably of public utilities.

Aviation brought Spain and Italy into friendly touch with the United States when the two aviators, Roger Q.

Williams and Louis H. Yancey, flew from Old Orchard, Me., to Santander, Spain, arriving there July 9, and from there to Rome, where they were welcomed by officials of the Government and a large and enthusiastic concourse of people. This was the second time that the Atlantic had been crossed by airplane during the summer.

Austria.—A statement of Herr Severing, German Minister of the Interior, to the effect that union between Germany and Austria was almost an accomplished fact, was interpreted as a revelation of a State secret rather than merely an expressed hope. In an address of welcome to the Austrian Schubert Bund, President Paul Loebe of the Reichstag assured those present that the wish of Austrians and Germans for reunion would surely be accomplished. At a recent meeting in Munich, Austrian and German lawyers and judges eliminated nearly every difference between the penal codes of the two countries. Unification of railway regulations and postal service has already been carried out to some extent. With these signs not only were the Pan-Germans elated, but general public opinion as well accepted them as necessary preparations for Anschluss. Though enthusiasm was by no means universal, no opposition was voiced openly. However, Msgr. Seipel was sharply criticized by the Pan-Germans for the coldness of his attitude towards Anschluss as expressed in an address on the "Austrian idea" delivered to a body of Catholic students. The advocates of union with Germany retorted that "the only Austrian idea today is Anschluss."

Chile.—The Chilean Chamber of Deputies on July 5 approved the Tacna-Arica treaty by an overwhelming vote. Chile, according to the terms of the treaty, must now pay \$6,000,000 to Peru for the province of Arica. The Chilean public hailed the settlement of this treaty with much rejoicing, and a huge parade was held in the streets of Santiago on July 7, accompanied by noisy demonstrations of approval.—After a conference between President Ibañez and German Costa, Bolivian Chargé d'Affaires, on July 8, it was denied that Chile was planning a Concordat with the Vatican.

Czechoslovakia.—Large groups of American Czechoslovaks, with many prominent clergymen, sailed from New York the beginning of July to take part in the double series of celebrations which began May 12, with the completion and consecration of the Cathedral of St. Vitus at Prague, and are expected to culminate on September 28, commemorating the martyrdom of St. Wenceslaus, chief patron Saint of the Czech nation, 929-1929, and the canonization of St. John Nepomucene, 1729-1929. An exposition of souvenirs and devotional monuments of St. Wenceslaus was opened May 15; and a congress of (Catholic) Orel Gymnastic Associations took place early in July.

France.—With reports from both the Foreign Affairs and the Finance commissions of the Chamber adverse to the Government's desire of ratifying the Mellon-Béranger debt accord without reservations, Premier Poincaré faced the Chamber of Deputies on July 11 at the opening of what promised to be one of the most hotly contested debates which the present Government had had to meet. Ever since the extreme wing of the Radical and Radical Socialist party forced the withdrawal of M. Herriot and their other representatives from the National Union Cabinet last November, M. Poincaré has had the united support of the Right and Center groups in practically every important issue of domestic policy. But in foreign affairs a small group within the Republican Democratic Union, the strongest party on the Right, regards the debt settlement as so inextricably involved with reparations, Rhine evacuation, and the whole question of national security, that they threaten to reduce the Premier's majority to the vanishing point. The Left parties, though favoring the debt settlement, are not inclined to cooperate with a Government in which they are not represented, and would use the crisis to secure at least representation in the Cabinet, if not its control. Yet neither group wishes to take the responsibility for defeating the Government in the face of the many serious problems that confront it.

Great Britain.—In the first Parliamentary test since the change in Government, the Labor Ministry, aided by the Liberals, was upheld by a vote of 340 to 220. The motion was a Conservative amendment for the renewal of duties on eight classes of goods in accordance with the system of tariff protection under the Safeguarding of Industries Act. In connection with the motion, Labor declared itself as not favoring protection.—Arthur Henderson, Secretary for Foreign Affairs, in the debate on that part of the King's Speech referring to foreign affairs, stated that the Labor Government, before resuming trade and commercial relations with Soviet Russia, would demand exact promises and pledges from the Soviet that it would abstain from carrying on propaganda tending to disturb internal affairs in Great Britain and in the British Empire. The statement was an answer to Sir Austen Chamberlain, former Foreign Secretary, who delivered a "grave warning" to the Government that the Soviet was seeking to undermine the British Empire. Legal experts have offered a view that the British recognition of Soviet Russia in 1924 had never been withdrawn; hence, that diplomatic relations were not severed and that now there was need only for creating the proper machinery for carrying on normal relations between the two countries.—A statement was promised by Mr. MacDonald as to the Labor decision on the Singapore Naval Base. During the former Labor regime, work on this construction was stopped; when the Conservatives returned to power, the work was resumed. It was expected that the present Labor Government would discontinue the project as a war base and would turn it over to purely commercial pur-

Debt
Crisis

Parliamentary
Statements

Trans-
Atlantic
Flight

Anschluss
Progress

Tacna-Arica
Treaty

Double
Celebrations

poses. Such a decision would accord with the policy of curtailing naval constructions.

Prayers of thanksgiving for the recovery of George V were offered up throughout the Empire on July 7. The King himself, with the Queen and most of the Royal

Rejoicings
and
Mourning

Family attended an impressive service in Westminster Abbey where the Te Deum was intoned. This was the cul-

mination of the great enthusiasm that had marked his return from Windsor two days before when he drove the last two miles in an open carriage through densely packed and cheering crowds. Simultaneously in the Westminster Cathedral the Catholics of London gathered in the King's honor at a Solemn High Mass of thanksgiving. Present in the sanctuary was His Majesty of Spain, Alphonso XIII.—The next day it became known that Lord Dawson of Penn had been summoned to Buckingham Palace immediately after the services in the Abbey and the following bulletin was made public: "Though His Majesty's general health is good the condition of the sinus in his right chest has not made satisfactory progress. In order to gain the assistance of further X-ray examinations, His Majesty's departure for Sandringham has been postponed for a short period."—After collision in a fog with another submarine, the British H47 was sunk in St. George's Channel off the Pembroke coast. Only three of her crew, including the commander, escaped through the conning tower. For the remaining twenty-one men buried under more than 300 feet of water, no hope was entertained. From the L12 which collided with the H47, two men were reported as missing, one, as dead. This brings the submarine casualties since the World War to 460 men lost in ten disasters.

Greece.—On July 5, in order to offset a threatened Cabinet crisis caused by the resignation of the Minister of the Interior, C. Zavitsianos, the Minister of Foreign

Cabinet
Shifts

Affairs, Pericles Argyropoulos, agreed to accept the portfolio of the Interior, and a place was thus made for Premier

Venizelos to appoint former Premier A. Michalakopoulos as head of the Foreign Department. The new Foreign Minister was Premier during 1924 and 1925, and it was his Ministry which General Pangalos overthrew when he made himself Dictator. Subsequently M. Michalakopoulos was Foreign Minister for two years. Along with his new portfolio, he will also be Vice-President of the Council of Ministers, acting for the Premier when he is absent.—On July 9, General Pangalos, still awaiting trial before the Criminal Courts, along with his old Finance Minister, M. Tantalidis, and his Minister of the Interior, M. Voghopoulos, was released on a security of \$1,500. The General, it will be recalled, has been in prison since his fall three years ago, and while he has already defended himself before the Senate for alleged abuse of his powers, charges are still pending against him in the Criminal Courts.

Hungary.—A teacup tempest stirred Czechoslovakia and Hungary over the arrest at the frontier station of

Hidas-Nemeti of a Czech railway employe on the charge of espionage. All traffic on the Kassa-Budapest line, on which the arrest took place, was suspended. Just when a

Demand
Apology

peaceful settlement was expected, M. Pellier, Czechoslovak Minister at Budapest, presented a note from his Government to Dr. Ludwig Walko, Hungarian Foreign Minister, demanding a formal apology for the alleged violation of the Hungarian-Czechoslovak railway agreement and the immediate release of M. Pecha, the arrested official, and also a guarantee against a repetition of the incident. The Hungarian press unanimously declared that the Czechoslovak demands were impossible and political circles awaited an energetic reply from Foreign Minister Walko refusing any modification of the Hungarian attitude.

Ireland.—The celebration of the centennial of Catholic Emancipation, noted in our issue of July 6, was, according to the *Dublin Standard*, the "greatest Irish

Comments on
Emancipation
Centennial

hosting for generations." Msgr. Pisani, Archbishop of Constantia, the personal representative of the Pope and the

bearer of his letter to the Church in Ireland, declared that "it was grand, incomparably grand." In a message to the people, the Archbishops and Bishops joined to "give expression to our joy at the wonderful success of the celebrations in honor of the centenary of Catholic Emancipation." Continuing, the statement declared:

We appreciate the religious enthusiasm with which our people, rich and poor, offered their thanks to God for His protecting care of our race during the centuries of persecution, for His grace, which enabled our forefathers to resist all attempts to deprive them of His most precious gift, their Faith, and for the blessings which He has lavished on our people during the century which has elapsed since Emancipation was won.

After bestowing appreciation and gratitude on those who had so well organized the celebration, the Hierarchy ended by stating: "It would not be gracious on our part to conclude this message without a word of appreciation of the sympathetic attitude of our fellow-countrymen who are not of our Faith towards our centennial celebrations of Emancipation."

Italy.—Diplomatic relations between Italy and the Holy See were formally established on July 8, when Msgr. Borgongini-Duca presented his credentials at the Quirinal.

The colorful reception was obviously cordial though, contrary to custom, the speeches were not made public. Follow-

Nuncio
Received

ing the royal audience, visits of state were exchanged between the Duce and the newly appointed Nuncio. On the same day the *Osservatore Romano* protested vigorously against the sequestrian of *Youthful Life*, a Catholic publication of the Vicenza diocese. The censor of the local government seems to have seen in an address of homage to the Pope, excitement to rebellion against the State's authority.

Jugoslavia.—Frontier questions between Jugoslavia and Albania were reported on July 4 to have been

satisfactorily adjusted by negotiations establishing eight-mile neutral zones along the borders.

Frontiers Frontier disturbances, however, continued in different Balkan States. On July 3, Yugoslav frontier guards fired on six persons who were trying to cross the frontier from Hungary; apparently smugglers. Shots were also heard across the Rumanian-Russian frontier at Soroka.

Peru.—President Leguia made public recently the terms of the decree signed by him on June 22 affecting the teaching of religion in private and public schools.

Religious Education According to the decree no doctrines opposed to the religion of the State (Catholic) may be taught in any educational establishment. The decree further provides that private institutions which violate this law shall be closed and their properties confiscated. The Ministry of Education will undertake the direction of all moral and religious education in all the schools of the Republic and will allow no text book to be used which has not been submitted to this department for approval.

Rumania.—A strict press censorship prevented full details reaching the outside world of a plot to overthrow the Government, that was blocked by the prompt action of Premier Maniu on July 8. However,

Plot Blocked it was known that a number of army officers, including General Angelescu, War Minister in the late Bratianu Cabinet, had been arrested. It was understood that the conspirators planned to overthrow the Maniu regime and set up a military dictatorship under General Angelescu. Official statements from the Government announced that the Capital was quiet, and that the Government was in complete control of the situation. It was understood that occasion for the attempted *coup d'état* was taken from the fact that the Regency requested modifications of the Premier's plans of administrative reform, which were bitterly opposed by the Liberal opposition. It would seem, however, that some compromise had been arranged between Premier Maniu and the Regency as regards the details of the reform bill, and it was agreed that its discussion should be deferred until the Fall. Meanwhile, there were reports, officially unconfirmed, that the Premier had tendered his resignation to the Regency but that it had been refused. There were also reports that cooperating with General Angelescu and his partisans were the exiled former Crown Prince Carol and Queen Marie.

Spain.—Copies of the tentative draft of the new Constitution were given to the members of the National Assembly just before the summer recess on July 6. The

New Constitution Drafted proposed instrument provides for a constitutional monarchy with universal suffrage and parliamentary government. It supposes a single-chamber parliament, one-half of whose members would be elected by direct vote, on the basis of one member for each 100,000 population. The other members would be appointed by the King, or chosen

as representatives of special classes. Before becoming effective, the new Constitution must be approved by the National Assembly and ratified by the vote of the people.

League of Nations.—William Lunn, Labor Parliamentary Under-Secretary of State for the (British) Colonies, assured the League Mandates Commission on July 8 of the intention of his Government to cooperate fully with the Commission; and added that the particular source of German fears, namely the proposed consolidation of the Tanganyika mandate with the adjoining African colonies, Kenya and Uganda, was not yet ready for discussion by his Government, nor would anything be attempted in a manner contrary to the mandate. Petitions for examination of the mandates administration were filed by Palestine, Syria, British and French Togoland, and Southwest Africa.—The Economics Committee adjourned July 4, deciding to postpone discussion of the tariff question till September. Liquor smuggling was referred to the Committee on International Law.

Two important purchases of Geneva properties, both by Americans, were announced on July 4. J. J. Forstall, of Chicago, bought from its Geneva owner the property on which the Secretary General, Sir Eric Drummond lives, to hold in trust for the League. A school site was purchased by the American Foundation of the International School at Geneva. A check for \$500,000, one half of the gift of John D. Rockefeller, Jr., was received on June 25 for the new library, one of the three new League buildings.

Reparations Question.—According to reports from Paris of July 7, France, Great Britain, Belgium and Germany appeared to have agreed on August 6 as the date for the conference of Foreign

Conference Ministers to study methods for putting into operation the Young plan. Negotiations as to the place of meeting however still continued, London being objected to by the French. Dr. Stresemann, in an interview given to Jules Sauerwein, editor of the Paris *Matin*, insisted that the conference must discuss the Rhine and the Sarre evacuations.

This year witnesses, among its centenaries, the commemoration of the five-hundredth year since the death of John Gerson. Next week, William I. Lonergan will tell the interesting story of this little-known figure of the Middle Ages.

Mary H. Kennedy will contribute "All Upon a Summer's Morning," which is all about rainbow gold, star dust, Little Sisters of the Poor, book agents, Lena the Dutch maid, and Josie the colored laundress.

G. K. Chesterton will write a characteristic piece in which he will give "Hints for the New Toleration."

A. Hilliard Atteridge will tell the story of Carthage, the scene of next year's Eucharistic Congress.

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Peace in Mexico

THE startling statement of General Candido Aguilar that 1,200,000 people had lost their lives in the various revolutionary movements since Porfirio Diaz was overthrown in 1910, brought home as nothing else could the urgent need of peace in that troubled and unhappy land. The recent settlement of the immediate religious conflict is a providential augury that peace may at last come. The friendly attitude of President Portes Gil gives strength to our hopes. Every Catholic, every lover of liberty and fraternal dealings among men, will unite in the confident aspiration that a new day has dawned for that Catholic land and that all parties may unite to build up their beloved fatherland, morally, economically, and socially.

That there are many grave evils that confront the earnest workers in Church and State, nobody can deny. This is not the place to ask their sources, though it is plain that a generation of constant fighting is not the least among them. The plain duty of everybody is to see that Church and State be given a full chance to cooperate in rebuilding the country. Letters to us from exiled lay leaders who are returning to help in the great work reveal a full consciousness of the enormous task before them, mingled with a pathetic longing for the good will of all Americans. At this crisis—and in one sense it is the greatest in Mexico's history—the most unselfish efforts of all lovers of their country will be needed before peace will be restored, not to speak of prosperity, and, to put it bluntly, a chance to save their souls.

So we may hope that around the new Archbishop of Mexico, Msgr. Pascual Diaz, the forces of good will rally, that the urgent social problems which must be solved, in radical fashion on conservative principles, will be fearlessly taken up, and that all those who see in the teachings of the Gospel the salvation of Mexico will more than half

way meet the evident desire of the President to heal the wounds of his country and bring Mexico back from the abyss she so narrowly escaped.

In a recent letter to the Editor, Archbishop Diaz said:

"At this moment of universal rejoicing and on assuming the charge committed to me by the Holy See, my thoughts go back to the loyal and powerful friends who provided moral and material encouragement during the years of trial. Among these your good self ranks among the first and your constant assistance is one of the precious remembrances I retain of my stay among the Catholics of the United States. Out of a full heart I can only say, 'Thanks, eternal thanks, and may God bless you and prosper AMERICA.'"

The readers of this Review have not forgotten the labors of Father Richard H. Tierney, former editor, who was among the first, if not the first, to espouse the cause of the persecuted Catholics of Mexico. Archbishop Diaz may feel assured that all those who from that time have followed in these pages the fortunes of his country will be with him in prayer, and in every way, until Mexico once more takes its former place among the glorious shrines of religion in the New World.

Dog Days in the Pulpit

AS the poets inform us, it is at this time of the year that the dog star begins to burn, and under its influence fretful mortals stew in impotent rage, and sometimes go mad.

Strictly speaking, the dog star does not blaze until mid-August; your poet, however, is not bound by prosaic fact. But the antics of a New York clergyman last Sunday move us to conclude that some mortals are already beginning to go mad. This resourceful dominie glanced at his thermometer, mopped his glowing brow, and then announced in all the newspapers a special Sunday-night liturgy. He proposed to conduct a "Snow Service," he said, and as the speakers of the evening half-a-dozen prominent aviators would be engaged, one of whom would discourse on the cause of air disasters. A wagon load of snow would be placed on the platform, with two large cakes of ice, one containing a bunch of flowers, the other a tempting basket of fruit. Divine services would be concluded with motion pictures showing scenes of snow and ice and storm in the Far North.

This would make an evening of excellent entertainment in any vaudeville house, but its connection with the assumed purpose of the Christian pulpit, the preaching of the Gospel, is not clear. Such exhibitions are common enough, however, in modern Protestant churches. To judge by the newspaper announcements every Saturday, it would seem that the Protestant clergy are chiefly engaged in trying to amuse their congregations, or in presenting to them various phases of partisan politics.

Once this was a Christian country. The reason for the melancholy fact that a majority of our people no longer profess any allegiance to any religious creed may be found, in part, at least, in schools and pulpits from which religion is excluded.

Vocations to the Religious Life

IN a charming little volume, the Rev. Peter M. Dunne, S.J., formerly an associate editor of this Review, tells the story of Mother Mary of St. Bernard, the foundress in this country of the Society of the Helpers of the Holy Souls. As the Archbishop of San Francisco remarks in his preface, this lady "was one whom God chose to be a leader in a work so noble and so great that words hardly tell its greatness." For these Religious not only spend their lives in the service of the sick, the poor, and the ignorant, but, as Archbishop Hanna expresses it, "forgo, in behalf of the souls who wait in expiation in Purgatory, their own merits and satisfactions."

It is indeed the story of a noble life that Father Dunne tells. We listen with a prayer of thanksgiving that Almighty God has raised up so striking an example of charity, admirably tempered by good sense, and guided by a keen realization of the needs of our days. The history of the Church seems to show that in her moments of greatest peril Almighty God always furnishes some great leader, and inspires thousands of followers. It is not the way of Divine Providence, so far as we can presume to read it, to work through miraculous interpositions. Even as He has chosen His ministers from among men, not angels, so too He wishes that the dangers which menace His Church and its work for the world, be overcome through the lives of heroic men and women, devoted to His service.

Today, our schools, hospitals, refuges for the sick, the old, the poor, and the orphans, are striving to meet unusual demands. As is well known, few, if any, of these institutions could survive, were it not that they are almost entirely administered by members of the Religious Orders. Salary or financial recompense never enters into the calculations of these men and women who have vowed their lives to God and the welfare of their fellows. Content with poor lodgings and humble fare, and encumbered with no family ties, they can give themselves without reserve to their great work.

It is a glorious vocation, but experienced guides are beginning to fear that too many of our young people are imitating the Rich Young Man of the Gospel. The call comes to them, clear and unmistakable. At first they listen, but "the world gleams bright in inexperienced eyes" and many are caught by its glamor. An investigation conducted some years ago shows (without, however, any pretensions to finality), that the number of vocations to the Religious life, particularly among young women, is not keeping pace with the increase in the Catholic school population. The entrance of women into gainful occupations is assigned by some as the cause of this decrease. Others find it in a craze for amusement and excitement, innocent enough in itself, perhaps, but not calculated to recommend to young people a life which means primarily sacrifice and service. Whatever be the cause, the fact remains that vocations are too few to supply adequately the demands of our educational and charitable institutions. Rich fields lie untouched.

The decrease in vocations to the teaching communities is particularly distressing. Unless measures can be taken to awaken and foster them, our parish schools and high schools face a problem which at present appears insoluble. We have no statistics which show the cost of the parish-school system in this country with mathematical accuracy, but a reasonable estimate places the maintenance cost at about \$50,000,000. At present, the stipend for the services of a teaching Sister is about \$30 per school month. It is obvious that no lay teacher could live on this salary—but, unless we have more vocations, we shall face the alternative of paying the lay teacher the current honorarium or of closing many a parish school.

It has been said that the clergy and our school administrators evince a certain reluctance to speak to young people on the subject of vocation to the Religious life. In our judgment, this is a serious mistake. Certainly, in every school and parish there are young people to whom the call will come. They should be helped by instructions on what the religious life is, what it demands, what are its opportunities for service, and what its rewards. Vocational guidance finds a place, in one form or other, in every school. There is no reason why that guidance which looks to the entrance of our young people into the religious life should be so carefully excluded.

Catholics and the Living Wage

"I HAVE NOTED," writes a correspondent, "that you Catholics have a very tender conscience about improper moving pictures and the still more improper stage. I don't complain about that. But it seems to me that some of you have no conscience at all about the living wage."

There is some truth, it must be regretfully admitted, in the charge. But here, as in so many other instances, the indictment is issued against the Church instead of against her children who disregard her teaching and flout her counsels.

If there is a stronger, saner indictment of the prevailing economic conditions than that contained in the immortal Encyclical of Leo XIII, "On the Condition of the Working Classes," we do not know where it can be found. The Pontiff there set forth the common teaching of Catholic philosophers. It has been repeated again and again by national gatherings of the Bishops, here and abroad, and is proposed with particular reference to local conditions in the Labor Program of the Bishops in the United States. If the labor problem is to be settled, men cannot be regarded as so many machines designed to pile up riches for a few owners. It is a primary truth that every man, since he is made in the likeness and image of God, possesses by his very nature rights which no group of men and no State may disregard. These rights must be religiously respected; otherwise, all so called "labor settlements" (as we have sad reason to know in this country) will prove abortive. Furthermore, while every right of the worker must be protected, the principle of charity must also be applied. Justice, it is true, comes first, but the "religious" respect for these

rights which the Catholic Church imposes, must also include considerations founded upon charity. For the commandment to love our neighbor imposes duties as true and as exacting as the law to do justice.

Such is the teaching of the Church. It cannot be claimed, of course, that every Catholic puts it in practice, since it is only too true that some Catholics either have never heard it, or reject it. We may also admit that in their attacks upon Socialism and its deadening philosophy, some Catholic apologists have laid too much stress upon property rights, and far too little upon the right of the worker to a living wage, and the duty of the State to protect him against the rapine of organized capital.

Careful study of the Church's teaching will keep us safely on the middle road. Our schools and public speakers should give greater emphasis to the constructive principles contained in the Encyclical of Leo XIII and the Labor Program of the Bishops, and, surely, these documents should be used as texts in all our college philosophical courses. No Catholic is educated unless he knows them, nor is he in harmony with the mind of the Church unless he accepts and practises them.

Little Mary's Sty

ONCE upon a time, when a man felt a pain in his ear, he would stop at old Dr. Smith's on his way home from the office, and old Dr. Smith would abolish the ache.

The modern procedure condemns old Dr. Smith, and perhaps rightly. What that practitioner did, very probably, was to remove a symptom temporarily. The twentieth-century physician would ask a week or two for study. Then he would refer the patient to a specialist. Many things would happen thereafter, as the *Journal* of the American Medical Association explains in the following fable, which is so instructive that we quote it all.

"One day little Mary came to her mother and showed her a sty on her eye. So the mother went to the family doctor and said: 'Doctor, doctor, come quick! Little Mary has a sty on her eye.' So the doctor said, 'I will, but first you must get the nose man to examine her sinus.'

"So the mother went to the nose man and said, 'Nose man, nose man, come quick! Little Mary has a sty on her eye.' And the nose man said, 'I will, but first you must see the tonsilectomist.'

"So the mother went to the tonsilectomist and said, 'Tonsilectomist, tonsilectomist, come quick! Little Mary has a sty on her eye.' And the tonsilectomist said, 'I will, but first you must consult a diagnostician.'

"So the mother went to the diagnostician and said, 'Diagnostician, diagnostician, come quick! Little Mary has a sty on her eye.' And the diagnostician said, 'I will, but first you must get a blood count.'

"So the mother went to the blood counter and said, 'Blood counter, blood counter, come quick! Little Mary has a sty on her eye.' And the blood counter said, 'I will, but first you must get a dietitian.'

"So the mother went to the dietitian and said, 'Dieti-

ian, dietitian, come quick! Little Mary has a sty on her eye.' And the dietitian said, 'I will, but first you must give me \$25.00.' So the mother gave the dietitian \$25.00, and this is what happened:

"The dietitian began to study the diet, the blood counter began to count the blood, the diagnostician began to diagnose, the tonsilectomist began to take out the tonsils, the nose man began to work on the sinus, the oculist began to lance the sty, and the family doctor began to make periodic calls to see how Mary was doing. So the sty disappeared, and little Mary got well again."

This is most choice and excellent fooling, but that all this ponderous machinery was kept in motion by the payment of \$25.00, we take leave to doubt. Possibly, it was the initial payment only, for even blood counters must live, and fee splitting is unethical. Very probably, little Mary's vital processes functioned more easily after all this bother, and by this time she may be a buxom damsel weighing 250 pounds, and known throughout the neighborhood for her good works. But who is to pay for this consummation?

It is encouraging to notice that the American Medical Association, lately in national convention, discussed this question. State medicine would be a dreadful thing, as soothing to most patients as the bedside manner of a Piute medicine man; on the other hand, men and women in moderate circumstances are not able to pay for the services which modern medical science appears to deem wholly necessary. In the opinion of many, State medicine is the only solution. It is to be hoped that the profession can find a better answer than that.

Old Dr. Volstead

INCIDENTALLY, too, the learned brethren of Esculapius discussed the ever-present problem of Prohibition. In a carefully worded address, the retiring President, Dr. William S. Thayer, denounced the successful attempt of the fanatics to dictate to the physician what liquors may be used in treating the sick, and in what quantity.

As physicians are much like other people, there were a few drys in the audience, one of whom replied to the President with vigor. The convention, however, decided to indorse Dr. Thayer, and to protest against the attack recently made upon him by the secretary of the Methodist Board of Temperance, Prohibition and Public Morals. The prevailing legislative enactments, thought the Convention, "are inimical to the best interests of the medical profession and public, by restricting medical men as to what and what shall not be prescribed for the relief of human ills."

Of course they are inimical. But it is to be regretted that the medical profession did not take a stronger stand against this attack on their profession ten years ago. Protests came from Dr. S. W. Lambert, Dr. James J. Walsh, the late Dr. John P. Davin, of New York, and a few others, but, as we recall it, the profession as a whole calmly acquiesced. The doctors have themselves to blame if they are now the victims of a deadly fanaticism.

The Finding of the New Jesus

JOHN GIBBONS

EVEN now, months later, I do not know quite what the little card says. Something about Blessed Mary of the Most Holy Rosary of Pompeii, and if you would be "safe, pray always to Mary." But further my Italian does not run. Nor do I know where it came from, but I think that the cheaply printed gaud was thrown in as a sort of make-weight with some picture postcards. What I do know is that its appearance at a particular juncture in my life coincided curiously with three rather odd happenings. It would, of course, be extremely wrong to call them miracles.

The night I reached Naples, I must have been one of the happiest men in the city. Three quarters of my job, easily the worst part, was over, and I had a story which any writing man might envy. I had a few hundred lire left and quite a batch was awaiting me at the *Poste Restante*. What had I to do but rest a day or so, just finish up my job, and take the train triumphantly back to London? I cannot speak a word of Italian, but it was easy to find a hotel. Not the de luxe sort, of course. My clothes were not up to that. But quite a goodish place, and when I'd had a bath I came down to my first decent meal for over a month. In a modest way I spread myself a bit, and the smiling head waiter came to honor me with a minute's chat. He spoke quite fair English, as I suppose he spoke quite fair French, German, or Spanish, and when I half apologized for my clothes he gave me the name of an outfitter who could set me up in a hurry.

Next morning it was the same. The concierge spoke English too. I had a little joke about the cross-keys on his official frock-coat. "If," he said, "you wish Paradise, it is to me that you must apply." I am not so certain, but I have an idea that at least he could have supplied various other addresses. Anyway he was most helpful. Such and such cars to the post office, but as at this hour they would be crowded, it would perhaps be better if I would permit one of his page boys to call a cab. It was all so easy, and as they bowed me in I went off happy as a king. And then there was no letter.

It was a bit of a blow. It ought to have been there waiting, but the next London mail would, as far as I could make out, be in at two. So there was nothing to do but wait. I had forgotten to pay the cabman off, so he might as well drive me back. If I had thought of it, it would have been the easiest thing in the world to have asked for the Gesù Nuovo, but I did not happen to remember it. So back we went. But you may bet I was at the post office again at two. Also at seven. But I went by tram. And I had my dinner sent to my room. In the same old clothes I was not facing that suave head waiter.

That night I did a bit of stock-taking. About 600 lire, barely enough to pay the beastly hotel and get back to London—if I went now—third class at that, with two

nights as far as Paris on the wooden seats, and none too much to eat. No restaurant-car business. I could do it, but then I shouldn't have finished my job, and it wouldn't be exactly going back in triumph.

On waking I was instantly conscious of three acute anxieties; first, the money business and my professional credit. Of course I could wire, but that wouldn't do me much good at the office. They had had men go broke before on these continental stunts! And then I passed to my other troubles. Somehow I had lost my Miraculous Medal. The string had worn and I had caught the thing only just in time and put it in my pocketbook and it must have dropped out. Of course I didn't look upon it as a charm, but it worried me. And lastly came the Gesù. For a month there had been something I wanted to talk about to an English or American priest and there hadn't been one. A bit from the "Catholic Directory" at home stuck in my head about an English-speaking priest at the Gesù Nuovo in Naples, and I had thought of him a lot. And now I didn't know where the place was.

As I went out to the Post it came to me for a second to ask the concierge. But he'd have called a cab, and cabs cost money. Besides, somehow I wasn't associating him with the Gesù. So out I went alone, and again there was no letter. The woman wagged her finger at me in that way they have, with a *Niente* the moment she saw me. And went on wagging it for over a week. Three times a day, at nine, two, and seven, I went to that *Posta Fermata*, and it was always *Niente*.

Paying the bill and coming home now were together hopeless, but in a sense I was solvent. Every day I transferred so much from the general-balance pocket to the hotel-bill pocket. It said on the bedroom door how much, only I had to allow a balance because there was a bit about a *bollo* that I could not read. Then it said *servizio* was included. But the floor-maid had once found me washing out a dirty collar and had taken it away and done it for me, so she would have to be remembered somehow.

At the end of the week I paid up, and then started again, but General Balance was looking a bit thin. And it was all I had to live on. No hotel restaurant now. Money apart, I dare not face those immaculate waiters. So I used to sneak out early and sneak in late. Between-times I fed at the cheap places well out of the way. *Coteletta Milanaise* (I know I spell it wrong) is the best for the money. It tastes like breadcrumbs on sawdust, but it is very filling and anyway it was the only dish I could always pick out on the dirty card. Once I plunged and got two sorts of cheese by mistake for my day's main meal. After that, *coteletta*. Anyway, it made a break, just sitting down to it.

Naples, of course, is one of the world's pleasure cities, but there are not enough seats. Out Mergellina way, yes! But that is the tourist end, and I wasn't risking

meeting any English. And the Consul of course I was keeping till the very last. He would repatriate me all right, and I'd have got a story out of it. But it would have been my last. It would have broken me, I know.

And all the time between turnings up at the post office, I hunted for the Gesù. And I never found it. I wrote it down and showed it to policemen and they'd point. But I always took the wrong turning or something. Once I asked an old priest in a church and he was ever so good; came out and showed me a tram. And still I couldn't find it. I must have taken the thing the wrong way. It sounds silly enough. But you try being in Napoli without one word of the language, and keeping away from the tourist end and interpreters.

That was why I jumped so the morning that I went into the place. No "Englisch Spoke Here" in the window — I did know enough to dodge those — but just plain *Gran Bar-Caffé Satanella*. And the second I sat down to ask for a Byrrha, the Madam spoke to me. "I expect you'd prefer a real drink," she said as she put it down. I don't know what it was, but she wouldn't let me pay. But her husband had another with me, and so I had one or two more. Then there was a girl. I couldn't spell her name, but it was something like Fiammetta. Oh! I don't think it was that for a minute. Naples nowadays is one of the tightest controlled cities in the world, and they simply daren't. All she'd be for would be to help me spend up quicker. She'd whine for chocolates and scents, and I'd buy them at five times the proper price, and she'd give them back and draw her lawful commission.

Anyway, there we were and towards evening General Balance was about exhausted. I was just thinking that it was finished now and that I might as well spend the hotel bit as well (always saving a trifle for the floor-maid) and let Mr. Consul hang me for a sheep instead of a lamb next day. For I was finished anyway. So out came my wallet with my very last note, and as I put it on the table Madame stretched out for it. Yes, we'd got that far. I was just watching them and thinking how like the girl was to a cat, peering at a meal and wondering what would be left for her, when I was feeling for a match the miserable little *Italianissimo* thing had slipped through a hole in my pocket, and as my fingers went after it they suddenly touched my Medal. I was ever so glad about it.

She was just going to touch a photograph of mine, when I shot out my hand and turned it over. I am emphatically not a good husband or a good anything else, but that photograph isn't looked at by those people. She just went on as though she hadn't noticed, and the next thing she came to was that little Pompeii card. For a good minute she stared at it as though she was hypnotized and then with an agony of hesitation she closed my wallet and passed it back to me. "I was born there," she said. And then went on in quite another voice. "What was it you asked for when you came in this morning? The Gesù Nuovo? It is just round the corner. I think the church will be closed now, but at the house you will find someone who will speak English to you. Fiammetta will show you." And she said something in Italian.

Without a word or so much as a glance at me the girl rose and walked out and as I followed her through the street she stopped at a little door, pointed, and turned away again without a glance.

* * *

Now what I had to say doesn't matter — here — but one of the things the Father had told me was to trust more. So as I walked out half an hour later (and a hundred years different) I dropped quite cheerfully into the "Satanella." "Thank you very much indeed, Madam," I said, "and this, please, is between you and Miss Fiammetta. I should think it is about the fair profit you might have had on me." And I held out a fifty-lire note. I had bought some Guibek Cigarettes, you see, and changed my 100. And here occurred the first marvel.

By every canon of literature she ought to have refused my money, burst into tears, and sold up her bar for the benefit of the poor. Instead of which, she slowly looked at it as she pushed it into a drawer. "I understand quite well," she said. "It is better this way." The girl never looked up but snatched greedily at some small coins that the Madame pushed towards her. She had her back to me.

And my next marvel came in the morning. I walked into that *Posta Fermata* as though I had never seen it before. And the woman actually had a smile for me and before I gave my name was holding out my letter. All's well that ends well. I think it was the best finish that anyone could have wished to see. I know I felt like a seraph with happiness.

* * *

But the third marvel? Oh, that! Only that when you do find it, the Gesù Nuovo is not new at all. Underneath all that wealth of dome and architecture which must make it one of the world's wonder churches, it is quite old. How old? Roughly speaking, something rather over nineteen hundred years.

SAN GIROLAMO

And now again the lilacs are in bloom—
Wine-color, pink and white, and how they hang
Great, heavy, bells no ringer ever rang
To any chant or tune.

And how their sharp green leaves
Crowd on the full panaches!
(You loved them once—but to your narrow room
They may not come—alas, you went too soon
This year!) And now the lilacs are in bloom.

And now again the lilacs are in bloom—
Like holy love by holy Saints enjoyed
Which no sense ever cloyed
They ring their honey tune
And swing their delicate bells
As if to please their Lord.
(You loved them once—but to your narrow room
They may not come—alas, you went too soon
This year!) And now the lilacs are in bloom.

MARIE VAN VORST.

French Canadians in Western Canada

E. L. CHICANOT

WHAT is admittedly one of the most serious and irritating of Canada's national problems is the heavy annual exodus of her citizens to the United States. In the past six years, according to the United States Government, which alone keeps record of this, about 110,000 a year have moved across the border.

It is gratifying to find that rising Canadian prosperity is resulting in a very drastic reduction in these figures and there is every reason to expect this decline will continue. At the same time, insufficiently realized, there is quite a voluminous flow back to Canada of citizens who left to take up permanent homes in the Republic. In the five years since the Dominion Government commenced to record separate statistics of these returning Canadians, 221,638 have returned to found new homes in Canada, an average of about 44,500 per year. Of this total 191,039, or over eighty-six per cent, were native-born Canadians, the remaining percentage being made up of British-born previously resident in Canada and naturalized Canadian subjects.

Canada's loss to the United States which has probably been most heavily felt has been from the province of Quebec, it being estimated that there are, principally in New England, nearly two and a half million French Canadians or of French Canadian extraction. There is no means of determining how many of these returning Canadians are children of old Quebec, but the indications are that the proportion is quite heavy. Colonization agents of the Dominion and Quebec governments have been unremitting in their efforts to induce these strayed sons and daughters to return to the home province and have unquestionably been meeting with a fair degree of success. There is under way at the present time a quite substantial exodus from the New England States to Canada, but the interesting and significant phase of this movement is not to the old home in Quebec but to a very new one in the Peace River country of Northern Alberta.

The task of persuading these French Canadian families to return to Canada has been an extremely difficult one. For the main they left farms operated under arduous conditions at a time when the agricultural industry was in none too prosperous shape. They have been assimilated very largely by industrial occupations and have come to live in urban surroundings. With the adoption of different standards of living they have imbibed entirely new ideas and their outlook is very different. It is futile to imagine they can be induced to re-adopt farm life under the conditions they previously knew.

In addition to their religion, however, there are dominant in these people two loves, that of their homeland and, somewhat unique in this age, of their traditional agricultural occupation. There are many families which would willingly return to Canada and resume the pursuit

of farming under suitable conditions. They must be assured of living conditions more akin to those they have become accustomed to while earning good wages in industry. That is why the movement which is under way to the Northwest promises to develop into greater proportions than the migration back to Quebec Province.

The eyes of the land-hungry from all over the continent are today directed upon the Peace River country of Northern Alberta. It is Canada's last West, containing the only large remaining block of free homestead land in the Dominion. For the past two years settlers have been pouring in. During 1928, 4,000 homesteads were filed upon, doubling the territory's population. Colonists in large numbers are still going in and homestead filings at Peace River and Grande Prairie are heavier than ever. It is the focal point of Western Canadian land settlement today.

About the beginning of the second decade of the present century, when the movement to the land in Western Canada was at its peak, but when the Peace River country in its agricultural possibilities was but a fabled region, a small group of French Canadians from Quebec trekked into the country and settled at a point which became known as Fahler, in the territory some distance west of that which had been colonized years before by Father Lacombe. This formed the nucleus of a thriving French Canadian settlement. As families from Quebec moved west or, settled in other parts of Western Canada, desired more congenial conditions they were attracted to it and swelled its population until today it is a flourishing little piece of French Canada in this pioneer section of the Northwest. Under the French Oblate Fathers four parishes have been developed, known as Donnelly, McLellan, Fahler, and Girouxville, covering an area of roughly twenty square miles. With the general progress under way in the Peace River territory and the improved railroad facilities afforded, the colony faces brighter times than ever.

With the flow of settlement taking place into the Peace River there was a natural desire to complete the settlement of this district along lines in which it had been established. Father J. Hamelin, of the parish of Girouxville, was appointed by his Bishop to recruit new settlers among French Canadians for these parishes. Since the beginning of the year he has been actively at work in the New England States and his success to date has been extremely gratifying. There was apparent from the first an interest in the matter of returning to the native land and to the pursuit of agriculture if this could be affected under more favorable conditions than those under which they had left. This resulted in cordial cooperation, crowded meetings, and satisfactory recruitments.

In the early spring Father Hamelin took with him to the Peace River a party of 247 persons, almost entirely men and heads of families. A total of 217 homesteads

in the four parishes were filed upon. This initial movement, when families have been reunited, will account for the transfer of at least a thousand persons. A few months later a party of approximately the same size was moved into the area with the cooperation of the Canadian Pacific Railway. These are as successfully settled. In the Fall a thousand harvesters will be taken into the same district to help garner the crops there; young men who for the main part are seizing the opportunity offered to see the country, and the greater part of whom it is safe to say will remain and make homes. Over seventy-five per cent of those being moved were born and lived in Canada before, the remainder being but one generation removed from old Quebec.

The initial success would seem to prove conclusively that numbers of French Canadians in the New England States are anxious to return to Canada when they are offered living conditions more closely approximating those to which they have become accustomed and the prospect of more rapid agricultural success. The little piece of French Canada in the far Northwest to which the present movement is directed is almost ideal, where the newcomers are entirely surrounded by compatriots and coreligionists which means so much to them in the way of satisfaction. The lure of free land of a quality which has produced the world's champion wheat, in combination with excellent bilingual educational facilities, proves well-nigh irresistible.

The system of education developed in this French Canadian microcosm deserves special mention. With the aid provided for the purpose by the Alberta Provincial Government four consolidated schools have been established, one in each parish, under the direction of nuns from Montreal who, of course, have qualified under the Alberta Department of Education. The Provincial Government subsidy, however, devoted usually to the provision of vehicles to bring the children in from the farms to the school daily and back again, is being used for the maintenance of dormitories, and the schools are operated as boarding establishments. It is a system absolutely unique in the rural Northwest.

On Friday night the children return to their homes, the parents coming in to town to take them away. They return to Mass on Sunday morning and remain at school until the following Friday. They bring with them their own supply of food for the week. This they cook for themselves under the supervision of the older students. Both French and English are taught and the domestic arts occupy an important part in the curriculum. All the farmer pays for such education for his family is \$37 per year, the school taxes on his homestead, and many have five or six children receiving their education for this sum.

The movement from New England to the Peace River has started in such a way as to augur its becoming a real factor in the repatriation of French Canadians. It is figured that 5,000 can be moved in a year and satisfactorily assimilated, and the objective is to settle 25,000 in the four parishes in the next five years. An organization exists among those already established in the area to receive new settlers and aid them in the acquisition of

land and getting settled. There would appear to be, in fact, every provision for most satisfactory settlement. It must be remembered that the movement has but been initiated. The success of the first groups will inevitably give momentum to it and altogether it may prove to be a most effective and particularly desirable piece of Canadian colonization.

Glastonbury's Thorn

F. P. GRIFFIN

THIS is a legend. A legend is a non-historical story handed down from the past. It cannot be proved. Still, legends, like everything else, usually have some reason for being; and when one lives for centuries in a country which has repudiated the Faith which inspired it, it seems the burden of proof might as easily rest with those who seek to declare it a mere fabrication, as upon those who want to believe it true.

I cannot find where the Church has had anything to say about this particular legend; and as others are busy interpreting it to suit themselves, I offer a few thoughts concerning it.

This Abbey is the most ancient in England. I read somewhere that "the talk about the ancient British Church, which is mere nonsense when talked at York or Canterbury, ceases to be nonsense when talked at Glastonbury." Its records mention the names of many early Saints of the Church. It was a British shrine before the English came to England. In its library were preserved the manuscripts which told of Britain's glorious past—a history as honorable as any in Europe. It is intimately connected with the name of King Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table. And it was Catholic.

History has not been so kind. It records that the agents of King Henry VIII suppressed the Abbey and executed the Abbot. They scattered the manuscripts in the library to the four winds, parceled out the property among themselves and even used the church for a stone quarry. Imagine the agents of King George plundering and destroying Westminster Abbey, with its countless associations with the history of modern England, and you get some idea of what happened when Glastonbury was laid low. Curiously, the first mention in history of the Thorn occurred when Layton, the executioner of the King's wrath, sent his master a little twig of a thorn tree which he said "doth flower at Christmas Eve."

The legend is that Glastonbury was founded by St. Joseph of Arimathea. He was the good friend who placed the body of Jesus in his own tomb. For this act of charity they say he received the Cup from which the Twelve had drunk on Holy Thursday evening. They say he went to England and built the first church on Glastonbury's site; and that he buried the Cup in Glastonbury's soil. He marked the burial place with his staff, which he drove into the ground, and it sent forth leaves and grew into a thorn tree; and at every Christmas season since that time, while this weary old world is awaiting the anniversary of the coming of the King of kings, while the angels sing "Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth

to men of good will," the holy thorn of Glastonbury bursts into bloom.

The only proof that can be offered is the fact that there exists at this place a species of thorn tree, not found anywhere else, which flowers during the Christmas season. There are many legends connected with the resting place of the Chalice but none that have taken any more definite form than this one.

Some Anglicans and Episcopalians cultivate this legend. These claim St. Joseph as their connecting link with the early Church, through whom they received the Apostolic succession; and on the strength of the story of the Grail they claim for this church quite as glorious an inception as Rome itself. Of course they overlook the facts of history—the execution of the Bishops who were to transmit the succession, and the desolation of this shrine of St. Joseph which we might expect those who had the spirit of the early Church would cherish for all time.

But as it is all a legend and they apply it to suit themselves, it might be interpreted in another way. A promise might have been given to St. Joseph that his work in Britain would not fail forever; and during all the dreary years of persecution, this phenomenon remained as a witness to that promise. Men destroyed what men had built, but the Tree remained. The flowering of the Old Faith in England in the last century might be taken as further evidence of that promise. And there might come

a day when the scandal of disunion and conflict among the followers of Christ might depart from the nation.

It is a strange story—and stranger still when we think of the currents of history that have flowed around the Isle of Avalon. But as far as that goes, it is no more remarkable than many authentic accounts that exist concerning the deeds of the Friend of Joseph of Arimathea.

He was kind to a social outcast. He allowed his native land to fall into the hands of those who would not perpetuate His memory. He chose an ignorant fisherman to hold the Keys of the Kingdom of Heaven. He took a thief with Him on the lonely journey through the Valley of Death on Good Friday.

Magdalen became a saint. The home land is known to the whole world as the Holy Land. The Fisherman's empire is without end. The thief is in Paradise. And the Land of the Grail might again, because of something as insubstantial as a legend, believe in the Wine changed into Blood.

Glastonbury today is the picture of desolation—an altar before which the Light no longer burns; a church to which the pilgrims no longer come when that season approaches which is filled with such tender memories alike for the Master and His followers. Neglected, forgotten. But in the midst of it Nature has placed an offering, a Thorn—symbol of His kingship—which doth flower at Christmas Eve.

What Is Behind Prohibition?

WILLIAM THOMAS WALSH

A YOUNG woman, cold and unscrupulous but not without charm, decided to become a queen by the simple expedient of persuading a king to divorce his wife and marry her. Few foresaw that the result of her ambition would be the wreckage of a civilization. A melancholy egotist wrote a book about men in a state of natural bliss that never existed outside of his imagination and the Garden of Eden. If any scribbler had intimated that one consequence of this essay would be the hanging of bishops to the lamp-posts of Paris, he might have been accused, at the very least, of a foolish exaggeration. A scientist, a patient observer, began to theorize about the origin of species and the descent of man. If some poet had remarked that the philosophies built upon the errors in these theories would lead despairing young college students fifty years later to hang themselves on dormitory doors, a question might have been raised in various quarters as to his sanity.

When Mr. Belloc, a few years ago, predicted that the day was coming when the Catholic Church would be persecuted in the United States, many Catholics, among others, indignantly repudiated the suggestion, yet a student who knows that a certain cause produced a certain effect in the past can reason that the same cause, *ceteris paribus*, will produce the same effect in the future or in another place.

Now, in the past the cause of every persecution of the Church has been hatred, rooted in malice or ignorance, or

both. The same cause exists in the United States today, and on no very modest scale. All that is lacking is a set of circumstances, or some one circumstance which makes the conflicting claims of the Church and the world appear in violent contrast. Often this circumstance is only an accidental one. Sometimes it is a political quarrel that seems at first to have little or nothing to do with religion; or an economic quarrel; or the act of an ambitious man or group; or a love affair. The Catholic minority in the United States differs from the surrounding majority very sharply on several issues, such as divorce, birth control, education, and, as a rule, Prohibition. Any or all of these problems—unless the majority accepts the Catholic view, as it *ultimately* will because that view is right—could lead to a serious impasse.

At this moment Prohibition seems most likely to furnish the occasion for a sharp difference, perhaps because it is quasi-religious in character, and assumes a specious respectability more easily, for example, than either divorce or the still more odious birth control. But the possibility is there. The Prohibitionist, whether he knows it or not, is a potential persecutor; all the more so since he imagines that in proscribing a custom sanctioned by Jesus Christ he is somehow rendering a service to God.

History is full of persecutions that claimed to be something else. Men often move toward ends they are unconscious of; as though they were the puppets of evil forces that wheedled them into blunders and then hurled

them on to crimes. Judas may have had no premonition of Calvary when he fingered his thirty pieces of silver. Henry VIII certainly had no intention of defying the Pope and wrenching England away from the Faith, when he cast foolish eyes on the cold features of the younger sister of one of his mistresses; but within a very few years the King's servants were hanging and quartering Catholic priests, and persuading themselves that they were punishing knaves and traitors. Luther certainly had no intention of wrecking half of Christendom when he nailed his theses to the church door; certainly as he fortified his pride and soothed his conscience with gulps of Pilsner beer, he was spared the realization that the tree he was planting would in distant times and places yield such strange fruit as Y. M. C. A. secretaries, Mr. Volstead and Mrs. Willebrandt, the bootleggers and the Prohibition agents. But we have Luther and Henry VIII to thank not only for certain spiritual ills, but for Prohibition. More particularly, perhaps, we should thank John Calvin; but without the other two his influence would have been negligible.

The origin of the Eighteenth Amendment is a fact of great importance. It is not a bird of Catholic parentage; no one can imagine such a monstrosity in Spain or Italy. It is Non-conformist birth, and I believe its ancestry can be traced back directly to the Puritan itch for regulating one's neighbor's morals, which in turn derives from the stern theology of John Calvin, who was made possible by Luther and Henry VIII. The Puritans forbade bear-baiting, says Macaulay, not because it gave pain to the bear, but because it gave pleasure to the spectators. They drank copiously, to be sure; but it never occurred to them to prohibit drinking, else they would have done so.

At any rate, the Puritan temper has descended into the modern world, even under the curious disguise of Socialism, which has the same itch to regulate by Government; and it is significant that Prohibition has many friends among the disciples of Marx. Nor is it a mere coincidence that the Prohibition Amendment was palmed off on the American people under the tension of war by the agents of Protestant sects which had their inception in Calvinism, and still preserve most of its tenets and its spirit. Episcopalians are commonly averse to Prohibition. Its friends are Methodists, Presbyterians, Baptists. In their eyes it is more than an economic reform, more than a political creed. It is a religion, a fanaticism that beats down opposition, that will not discuss or compromise, that has all the fervor of a Cromwellian host slaying babies in Ireland in the holy name of God. In the eyes of a seventeenth-century Puritan, an individual whose conscience compelled him to be a Catholic deserved nothing but death, and a cruel one. The twentieth-century Puritan is inclined to think that a man who drinks had better be dead; hence the United States Government is committed to the policy of poisoning alcohol, and 185 competitors for the Durant prize are found advocating the death penalty for the sale of whiskey.

Whence comes this element of religious fanaticism in the psychology of the Prohibitionists? Why the assumption that his cause is so holy that death should be meted

out to any so rash as to oppose him? You will not find the same man advocating the death penalty for the reckless motorist who slays a child on the public highway. You will not find him urging the penalty of hanging for the abortionist who murders the child in the womb. You will seldom hear him suggesting that the electric chair would be just the seat for the man who sells adulterated food to the poor, or throws fine fish back into the sea rather than lower the price at which it could be sold to emaciated mill workers. No, those are only political questions, and they trouble the Puritan of our day very little. But mention Prohibition and he is afire with a religious zeal. Why?

The Prohibitionist himself would have some difficulty in answering that question. I am convinced he has no idea of the thing in the back of his brain (or his subconsciousness, or whatever a psychologist wants to call it), that makes a holy warrior of him, fighting against something that he fears and hates. It may be that men like John Roach Straton and Senator Heflin know what they are driving at, but the mass of their supporters have at the most but an instinctive awareness of it. Can it be that what they are striking blindly at is probably what their ancestors would have called the Scarlet Woman of Babylon? Somewhere deep down in their twisted little souls they desire to abolish the Catholic Church. The most practical way of accomplishing this in any particular place has always been to do away with the Mass. If Prohibition could be made to function perfectly, if it could be accepted generally as a salutary and necessary moral reform, all alcoholic drinks might in the end be done away with. No wine, no Mass. No Mass, no Catholics.

This, of course, the Prohibitionist would strenuously deny. He would point out that the Volstead Act permits the sale of wines for sacramental purposes; he would protest that religious freedom is a holy consideration with him, an American institution that must always be respected. Nevertheless, the average Catholic will be a little more sceptical about all protestations concerning the principle of freedom of worship in the United States, after he has witnessed the disgraceful revelation of 1928. Parsons and what-not who had often paid lip service to the Constitution and to liberty of worship went about saying secretly or openly that a Catholic could not be President of the United States. They said so because something had occurred to arouse their latent fanaticism, and because for the moment they felt strong enough to speak with impunity. The same men and women are usually to be found declaring that Prohibition is a holy cause, and those who oppose it traitors to the Constitution. They have never been able to enforce their views to the limit. If they found themselves powerful enough to do so, how long would they respect the clause that permits the use of wine for religious purposes? How long would a man who advocates death for the sale of a bottle of spirits permit Catholic priests to purchase wine for the Mass—a ceremony which it is safe to say the average Prohibitionist has no love for—if he had the power to prevent it?

At present they dare not go that far, but all anti-Catholic movements in the past have ultimately struck at the heart of Catholic devotion, which is the Mass. The fact has been openly acknowledged by the persecutors wherever they have felt powerful enough to drop the mask of hypocrisy. Elsewhere they have advanced obliquely toward their objective, attacking it under some name for which an unpopular connotation could be created. In England, for example, the word *Transubstantiation* was made to appear synonymous with a dark and unpatriotic superstition. Those who believed in Transubstantiation were Italianate enemies of King and country. Office-holders must abjure it. But back of Transubstantiation was the Mass. No Transubstantiation, no Mass. In Mexico it is not the Mass that is attacked; nevertheless the effect of the patriotic cry, "enforce the Constitution," has been to prescribe the Mass.

In the United States there are too many fair-minded and impartial people, there is too much traditional respect for the principles of American liberty, to permit of any open attack on the Mass. Hatred cannot find an open expression. It is therefore driven underground, to mask itself as something that it is not. Hence it arises as a form of virtuous patriotism, clothed in all the sacredness of a constitutional amendment, to proclaim that indulgence in alcoholic beverages is sinful. A logical corollary to that proposition would be that any religious rite in which alcoholic beverages are used is a sinful rite. How long will it be before the fanatics feel strongly enough intrenched to follow their logic through to its bitter end? How long will it be before some Wayne B. Wheeler or some Mrs. Willebrandt with a fierce ambition and a craving for publicity, some demagogue grown fat on the stupidity of electors and the pusillanimity of Congressmen, says to us Catholics: "We have made an exception of you long enough. It is unfair to other denominations to discriminate in your favor. You may use grape juice or ginger ale in your service, but no wine." Thus Catholics would find themselves regarded as law-breakers, traitors to the Constitution.

Those optimists who declare that such a situation is unthinkable in our country will do well to consider that men and women who do not scruple to condemn as unethical a mode of conduct sanctioned and practised by their Lord and Saviour (and similarly, criticized by the Pharisees of His day) will hardly hesitate, if they may act with impunity, to condemn the Sacrifice that He enjoined upon His Church. People of their curious mentality can find a way of justifying anything they may choose to do. If the record refutes them, it is simple enough to change the record. Very little argument would be required to convince such persons that Catholics were perverse unpatriotic people who, under the baleful influence of a "foreign potentate" had corrupted the pious and primitive practice of drinking grape juice on Sundays.

Being no prophet, I do not say these things will happen. I say they are possible, and not remote possibilities either. And when a possible calamity is clearly foreseen, one can proceed to take steps to avert it.

Education

A Plea to Our Catholic Universities

SISTER MARY AMATA, O.S.U.

RECENT social and economic changes have placed a new responsibility, which cannot be overestimated, upon our primary teachers. The most palpable result is the flocking of these teachers to the secular universities for courses in the so-called "New Education." Unless the hand of our Catholic universities be cordially extended to the primary teachers, they, with but very few exceptions, will be carried along by the current of false philosophy flowing in the profane schools and in the popular educational manuals.

The late Dr. Shields, when professor of psychology and education in the Catholic University of America, with almost prophetic insight, grasped this situation at its inception. With indomitable vigor and wise determination he applied himself assiduously to a most careful research into the needs of primary education. His book on primary methods and his other books on education, as well as his numerous magazine articles, are vast storehouses for the teacher. In them is seed of rare value, but that this seed may germinate and bear fruit, it must be disseminated and cultivated with care. It is for the educators in our Catholic universities to decide whether or not this seed shall be disseminated and cultivated in the present generation; or whether, like many other seeds sown by Catholic authors in the past, it shall be neglected or set aside in favor of the tares which blatant advertisers are sowing broadcast throughout the land.

The Divine Educator's theories of teaching have long been neglected in the educational world. Though Christ's methods command the admiration of all, few there are who apply them in their actual work in the classroom. Dr. Shields' methods, which are an application of the methods of Christ to the present-day needs, may be similarly neglected. The main lesson Our Lord taught us is that of becoming like little children that thus we may enter the kingdom of heaven. But, to become like little children, in the Gospel sense of the term, is high spirituality; and very few apply themselves sufficiently to attain it. Somewhat analogous is the art of reaching into the inner lives of little children so as to develop their best possibilities. It is an art which cannot be mastered by superficial study or casual experiment. Dr. Shields, in his various writings, unfolds this art. He goes about the task with a simplicity of manner, a depth of wisdom and a quiet indefatigable energy that reminds one of the Ignatian method of proposing the Spiritual Exercises. But just as the Ignatian Exercises produce their best fruit when directly proposed by the living preacher, so do Dr. Shields' methods gain in appeal and power when the living teacher exposes them to the students.

Dr. Shields' work is altogether too little known, and when known is often gravely misunderstood. It needs to be brought sharply into the light, for it can stand the scrutiny. The field of education is so large and the

requisites for its working so many and so diverse that but few men, however well fitted for the task, have the time to do original research on the problems peculiar to primary education. Dr. Shields has done this work, and done it thoroughly and well. Since the whole structure must depend on the foundation given in the primary school, is it too much to expect that the learned men of our Catholic universities should at least appraise Dr. Shields' gift at its true value, and make it accessible to those who need it most?

We all agree that we must not only keep our Catholic schools on a par with the public schools, but that we must see to it also, that our intellectual, ethical and spiritual ideals be kept up to Catholic standards. But in practice, our schools need vitalization in two respects. In some of them, modern methods have been adopted in such a way that the Catholic spirit has been weakened if not deadened; in others, the modern methods have been neglected to such a degree that these schools no longer satisfy the legitimate popular demand. The pressure is now being so keenly felt that on all sides new series of Catholic and quasi-Catholic primary books are springing up. These are germinating ideals and initiating habits for the manhood and womanhood of tomorrow. Who will estimate all this material and provide for due coordination! Who will systematize the process of fertilization?

If our Catholic universities would put on summer-school courses under the direction of eminent psychologists, in which comparative studies of primary methods and materials might be made, and conduct seminars, similarly directed, in which the experiences and studies of the students themselves might be brought to bear on current problems, perhaps wonderful assimilations might ensue and our Catholic system develop schemes vying favorably with those of Winnetka, Dalton, and others. Here is vital material for graduate-thesis problems. If Shields' methods of unification could be adequately unfolded to the students of education, light would be thrown on many problems.

Rev. George Johnson, Ph.D., of the Catholic University, and Sister Alma, Ph.D., of the Dominicans of Newburgh, N. Y., with their co-workers of the seven years in the Shields' Memorial School, own a rare treasure which very likely they would be willing to share with all of us, if only due appreciation could be shown and laboratories provided. All cannot be done in one center, of course. The situation calls for wide discussion and varied experimentation. Is it too much to ask that each of the greater universities conduct a teachers' college where Catholic primary teachers, as well as those of secondary grade, may receive in a Catholic atmosphere a truly professional training; and that with each teachers' college there be associated a demonstration school in which model teaching may be observed and progressively scientific experiment be carried on? If primary needs be properly attended to, will not the problems of higher levels be thereby put well on the way toward solution? When we attempt to solve problems of primary education without reference to higher ones, we act on the assumption that

our students will die young. When we consider the problems of higher levels apart from their primary correlates, we are illogical and wasteful. Man's life is a unit, and his education should be a unified experience. The tendency to make sharply cut dividing lines between the workers in the primary field, and those on higher levels, is having a most deadening influence. Vital connection needs to be restored between primary education and graduate educational research. The tree will not grow apart from its root and the root will die if unfed from above. If Catholic primary teachers can get into vital touch with Catholic university professors the result will be astonishing to both agents.

The source of all wisdom began His human life on the primary level where Joseph was the teacher. Is not the whole process of education an extension of the school of Nazareth?

The time is ripe for a great harvest. But, will this not fail to be garnered into Catholic granaries unless our Catholic universities take up the work with unity of purpose and identity of means? The motivation for unity of purpose lies in the situation itself. What about identity of means?

Sociology

St. Vincent de Paul

SISTER MARY PHILIP

AN art, we know, consists in seeing, saying, hearing, and doing a thing in the right way, and in knowing just what to omit, for the perfection of all art is to conceal art in the achievement of the exquisitely natural. So when we speak of the art of social service, we mean advantage conferred in the right way for the betterment of the individual and for mankind in general. In detail, it is a study of people, a movement dealing with life, occupations, and environments. It embraces the observation and investigation of the relations between the employers and employees, cooperation, labor legislation, hours of work, wages, industrial betterment, child labor, factory sanitation and inspection, safety appliances, improvement of civic and municipal conditions, civil service, public ownership, the initiative and referendum, tax reform, housing, pauperism, slavery, crime, defective and delinquent children, social settlements, education—every act, every movement that can uplift human society physically, morally, mentally, spiritually.

Let us now go back to seventeenth-century France for a striking example of the art of social service in the practical work of St. Vincent de Paul, a vigilant and tender Father to the poor, the suffering, the unenlightened. Within his eighty-four years' sojourn on earth, all the corporal and spiritual works of mercy were performed by this great and benign servant of God, this ardent lover of Christ and His suffering members the poor. The destitute and the exile, the foundling and the orphan, the galley slave and the criminal, the idiot and the imbecile, the incurable and the insane, unruly youth and old age, found in St. Vincent an interested and de-

pendable friend. While doing the work of Christ's design, winning souls in the intimacy of comradeship, the name of St. Vincent became a household word in France. For when life bore down heavily upon the needy, St. Vincent spent himself to unburden these loved ones of Christ by nourishing both body and mind with the best that Christian charity could secure for them. The simple impressiveness of his every act flavored all offerings and made them palatable. Social service of modern times has never produced a single man who could cope with St. Vincent in the amount or in the quality of humanitarian work.

The all-consuming zeal of St. Vincent was confined neither within his own personal efforts nor within the boundaries of France. This great organizer and administrator founded in Paris at the close of the first quarter of the seventeenth century the Congregation of Priests of the Mission, known in different localities as the Vincentians, the Lazarists, the Paules. The members of this Congregation, though not forming in the strict sense a Religious Order, are bound by vows. Primarily they were established for the purpose of supporting missions, and ministering to the spiritual and corporal needs of the poor, at home and in foreign parts. Within his life, St. Vincent sent members of the Priests of the Mission to Ireland, Scotland, the Hebrides, Poland, Italy, and to the Christian slaves of Barbary, to Madagascar and Reunion Islands, and to the Isle of France. In the eighteenth century we find them in Levant and in China; in 1817 they established themselves in the United States. Now the Congregation exists in many parts of the Christian and the pagan world.

Three years after founding the Congregation of the Priests of the Mission, St. Vincent established the Daughters of Charity to assist in his social-service work. As their number increased, he grouped them into a community and provided them with a rule of life he had formulated, and which had stood the test of twelve years' trial. At the present time throughout the world twenty-five thousand Sisters of Charity adhere to his rule. St. Vincent held weekly conferences with the Daughters of Charity for their encouragement in intellectual and spiritual development and growth. In his conferences, handed down in printed form, utter simplicity and truthfulness, characteristics of St. Vincent, permeate the atmosphere and make it as bracing for the preservation and propagation of the spiritual life as is oxygen to natural existence, for both are equally indispensable to each life.

To the Sisters of Charity St. Vincent committed the administration of the general hospital that adequately provided for all the poor of Paris. This work of mercy was opened in 1657. Five years previous, in 1652, at the request of the Queen of Poland, St. Vincent and Venerable Louise de Marillac sent the Daughters of Charity of Warsaw to China. Most touching was the farewell address of the Founder to the Sisters about to depart for foreign lands:

Oh, what a grand vocation is yours, my dear Daughters, to raise up saintly men and women for Jesus Christ in this new

kingdom! This vocation of God is to honor His Son by going to accomplish in that country what He Himself did on earth. How few women are called to do this good—to perform the spiritual and corporal works of mercy to which you are called today. I pray the divine Goodness to give you great blessings which shall spread not from the East to the West, but from time to eternity, and make you advance from virtue to virtue. Attach yourself to your Rules as is the snail to its shell, for as the snail dies if he leaves his shell, so you cannot exist without your Rules.

At the request of the Archbishop of Paris St. Vincent secured Ladies of Charity composed of pious women who visited prisoners and nursed the sick poor that registered at Hôtel Dieu, to the number of 25,000 annually. The care of foundlings was also made possible by these Ladies; through them a special house, the Sisters of Charity, and four nurses were secured to carry on this work begun with twelve children. Within two years 4,000 foundlings were housed at a cost of \$150,000, and as the number increased the cost reached \$200,000. Among the members of the Ladies of Charity there were two hundred that belonged to the highest rank in Paris; by their influence St. Vincent was able to collect the money distributed to the unfortunate.

In the nineteenth century the great Society of St. Vincent de Paul that was founded by Frederick Ozanam (1813-1853) is but another extensive ramification with the spirit of St. Vincent—a ramification that perpetuates among laymen the work for the poor and unenlightened.

Acting as administrator St. Vincent reformed the hospitals, had the idiot and the imbecile instructed at his own Priory, Saint-Lazare, and labored among the convicts and the galleys of Paris and Marseilles. Out of the 25,000 Christians carried off by the Turkish pirates, 1,200 had been ransomed through the efforts of St. Vincent and his co-laborers.

When the Thirty Years' War (1618-1648) had devastated many districts of the provinces far removed from Paris, St. Vincent received 12,000 livres, equivalent to \$60,000 in our time, for the sufferers; with this he sent help to the stricken people of these regions, and when his treasury at last was empty, he decided to print and sell the accounts sent him of these heart-rending devastations. This plan was successful and resulted in the periodical newspaper, *Le Magasin Charitable*.

In the ruined provinces St. Vincent founded the work of the *potages économiques*, the tradition of which has survived to the present day in the modern economic kitchen. Two hundred young women and a great number of children were withdrawn from the hardships and perils they were encountering and harbored in safety, the young ladies in the convents, the children at his own Priory. Societies were formed to bury the dead and to clean away the debris that was a permanent cause of plague. Seeds were distributed to peasants to aid them in restoring value to their land after the storm of the war had passed. Calm prevailing, St. Vincent directed his solicitude and alms to the Irish and English Catholics whom persecution had driven from home and country.

During the famine that depopulated Lorraine (1638-9) St. Vincent collected and distributed 2,000,000 livres or about \$10,000,000. Ten years later at the time of the

war in Paris, this hero of suffering souls braved dangers to restore peace through arbitration. Every kind of service was extended to the victims of this struggle. About 900 young women were removed from the perils of the streets and sheltered in various convents.

Among the last acts of his life was the foundation of an asylum for aged working people of both sexes, and a hospital for all the poor of Paris. For the asylum, the Hospice of the Name of Jesus, 10,000 livres were placed at his disposal by a generous friend. Here about forty aged persons found a home. For the general hospital an aggregation of \$1,000,000 was donated and the King granted the land. Within its walls were sheltered 40,000 poor. This last provision for the poor is considered the greatest humanitarian work accomplished in the seventeenth century.

The great influence and the special care of St. Vincent were ever directed to the benefit of the Religious and the clergy of his day. He long advised the Sisters of the Visitation, St. Francis de Sales' daughters. At Paris he received the Religious of the Blessed Sacrament, aided the Daughters of the Cross, and encouraged the reform of the Benedictines, Cistercians, Antonines, Augustinians, Premonstratensians, and the Congregation of Grandmont.

The solicitude of St. Vincent for the welfare of the clergy was tender and all-embracing. For priests as well as laymen he opened retreats at his Priory. It is estimated that nearly 800 persons regularly attended—a total of 20,000 persons in twenty-five years, the time over which the retreats extended. The results were gratifying but this work imposed heavy burdens and sacrifices on the Priory.

At the College des Bons-Enfants, St. Vincent established a theological seminary. For this work Richelieu gave him 1,000 crowns. For young clerics he founded the seminaries of Saint-Lazare and of Saint Charles. Conferences were held every Thursday at his own Priory of Saint-Lazare for all priests desirous of conferring in common concerning the virtues and the functions of their state. These conferences he considered the climax of seminary life. In his life time St. Vincent accepted the direction of eleven seminaries, and prior to the Revolution in France his Congregation of Priests of the Mission was directing in France fifty-three upper and nine lesser seminaries, a third of all in France. His Congregation at this time numbered 1,195 members with 150 houses.

In the art of social service no man living ever surpassed St. Vincent de Paul. During his days of administration he ruled as one serving. At his death the poor of France lost their best friend, humanity a Christian benefactor, the Religious and the clergy a faithful and prudent guide.

When with impersonal, interested care and self-effacing zeal the whole man is studied and receives the needed attention, when proper consideration is given to each movement of life, occupations, and environments, and the dealing with each supported by truth and sincerity, then Christian charity, or social service, is firmly built upon a substantial basis. Under such considerations the advantage is conferred in the right way for the betterment of the individual and for mankind.

With Scrip and Staff

UNEMPLOYMENT in the midst of prosperity is one of the standing paradoxes of the present time. Speakers at the twelfth regional meeting of the Catholic Conference on Industrial Problems, held in San Francisco the last week in June, emphasized this, and debated possible remedies. As the matter was put by Mr. F. D. MacDonald, general president of the State Building Trades Council of California:

America's workmen, the highest paid and yet the cheapest workers in the world, have produced such an abundance of wares, goods and commodities that millions of them now walk the streets idle, vainly seeking employment because of this over-production which is more and more being regarded as the menace of under-consumption.

This condition constitutes the greatest menace of modern times, the paradox that the workers have produced so much that they must go idle and without the necessities of life. Millions of men and women, vainly seeking employment, thousands feeling the pangs of hunger, is a challenge to modern Christian civilization that demands the consideration of every Christian man and woman to help remedy this unnecessary and unjustifiable condition. The officials of every city, every State and of the Federal Government are keenly concerned about this menacing problem. Numerous suggestions, temporary palliatives and panaceas have been offered.

Similar language was used by Dr. Louis Bloch, statistician of the California Division of Labor Statistics on law enforcement. Calling unemployment the "curse of modern civilization," he remarked:

Statistics of wages and the cost of living show that the economic position of the wage earner has improved since 1914 but . . . the economic status of workmen applies only to those who are fortunate enough to be regularly employed. . . . What of the millions of workers who are in constant dread of losing their jobs . . . who are constantly forced to look for employment to keep their families from starvation?

Dr. John A. Ryan, of the Catholic University of America, described unemployment as "an incident of our vast increase in productive power described by the New York *Journal of Commerce* as 'an employment problem that is a direct outcome of prosperity.'" While production per capita increased thirty-nine per cent between 1919 and 1925, the number of workers was decreasing. Production in factories increased 25 per cent from 1920 to 1927, and yet there were 825,000 fewer workers in factories in 1928 than in 1923.

Reducing output and workday, or continuing the scale of production and increasing the workman's purchasing power, was suggested by Dr. Ryan as two means of alleviating the employment situation. As the most direct means he recommended the general increase in wages for the lowest paid workmen.

DISCUSSING, however, the matter of wages, the Conference speakers warned against the mistaken conclusion, which appears to be becoming more and more prevalent in this country, that welfare measures or welfare advantages can of themselves take the place of a just scale of wages. Father Robert E. Lucey, pastor of St. Anthony's Church, Long Beach, Calif., pointed out

that in the recent governmental report on recent economic changes real wages of labor play a negligible role, and 'free goods' is given much importance; and exclaimed:

If the day ever comes when the ethics of fair wages is forgotten and free education and free charity are generally rated as income, it will be a sad day for humanity. If the rising tide of relief of the mounting charity bill is to fill up the measure of the living wage, then honorable justice and intelligent charity are dead.

"Industry directly," said Father Mulroy, the director of Catholic Charities of Denver, "not the churches, not the philanthropic bodies called community chests, not taxpayers, should provide this relief for unemployment which industry makes necessary." He pointed out that in Denver six associations doing welfare work in 1928 expended for family welfare and relief \$339,000.27:—"the direct and immediate cause being insufficient wages and unemployment."

SIMILAR warnings had been issued at the regional meeting of the Catholic Conference on Industrial Problems in Green Bay, Wis. Speaking of "Wages in Relation to the Home," Dr. J. E. Hagerty, president of the Conference, stated:

We can safely conclude that at the present time to maintain a family of five or six at the minimum of health and decency level plus would require an annual income of from \$1,800 to \$2,000.

In Ohio, 31.2 per cent of the men over eighteen years of age receive less than \$1,250 a year. Industry by industry, from seventy-five to ninety per cent receive less than \$2,000. Ohio is a State above the average. This situation is a challenge to our civilization.

The chief reason why they are paid such low wages are: (1) the employer can hire labor at the wages indicated; (2) the wage-earners are not sufficiently organized to demand a large share of society's productivity; (3) the State does not choose to protect the wage-earner against more powerful bargainners.

"The fear of unemployment in the mind of the workman," stated Mr. Wrabetz, of the Wisconsin Industrial Commission, "is almost too terrible to contemplate." Shorter hours, public works, unemployment insurance and a high rate of wages so employees may be able to save for the time when there is no work, were some of the remedies that Mr. Wrabetz suggested.

The system of intermittent labor was particularly condemned in a leading article in the Detroit Italian Catholic paper, the *Voce del Popolo*, quoted on April 30 by the N. C. W. C. Department of Social Action. "Ever so often," says the writer, "factory workers must work hard night and day for a month or two. . . . Then for the next two or three months they find no work at all and stay idle at home. . . . This uncertainty of work, its coming and going by fits and starts is a great economic, moral and physical calamity for our working people. . . . We understand how the present system is necessary for the great companies to make the profits of hundreds of millions that now they make. . . . But is this irony of events necessary? . . . Would not the world go on just the same or even better if the great corporations would make only fifty millions a year instead a hundred millions and treat the human element of industry as it should be treated?"

The words of Archbishop McNicholas at Cincinnati, on June 21 of last year, are a fitting answer to this question placed by the Italian journal:

Industry must keep in mind that while it has the dead capital of gold and silver, the employe has the living capital of strength and skill. In the industrial system both have need of each other. The first charge on industry is a wage that will enable the employe to live in a manner befitting the dignity of a human being. Justice will not deny capital a fair return for its investment. But with every successful industry there is a surplus after capital and labor have received their fair share. It would seem that this surplus, after tribute has been paid to the State in the form of taxes and to the Church in the way of charity, should be divided according to the dictates of justice and charity—and after the most careful study—between the employer and his employes.

Unemployment insurance, by which provision is made for employes temporarily out of work, even, in some cases, if they obtain part-time work elsewhere, has found favor with some of our more conscientious concerns. But much thinking, much enlightenment will need to come yet before the full burden of Archbishop McNicholas' words can make itself felt.

THAT the interests of "national prosperity," or national economic policy, however much it may rebound to the advantage of individuals, cannot justify gains that work hardship on the people at large, is strikingly shown by the protests that have been uttered in the last few years by the combined Catholic Hierarchy of Germany, with regard to the drastic revaluation of German currency. The Bishops claim that the Government, in establishing the revaluation of the mark, wiped out "with a stroke of a pen" the enormous obligations, reaching into the billions, that were due to countless persons of moderate means. The burden of the annulment of Germany's internal debt fell, according to this, upon the "small man," or upon the poor man, and not upon the great industrialists, who alone could profit by it.

On January 6, 1924, Cardinal Faulhaber, Archbishop of Munich, preaching on the Seventh Commandment, insisted that the State has the duty to take legal measures against reckless defaulters who pay their poor creditors in worthless paper money; "and, if taxes are needed, the taxes should be distributed as far as possible according to the capacity of people to bear them. . . . Today many mortgagees are in poverty and distress, because a heartless mortgagor has paid back with worthless paper money the sums that he had received as a loan in all fidelity and good faith. The Reich has done the same thing on a large scale with its loans and, by doing so, has put the Seventh Commandment in chains."

In the name of the German Bishops, assembled at Fulda for their annual conference, a protest was uttered on February 14, 1924, by Cardinal Bertram, Archbishop of Breslau, to Dr. Marx, Chancellor of the Reich; and again in September of that year, this time in the public press, concerning "the injustice and the immorality" of the revaluation, and an amendment of the tax decree was requested "which would be more in accordance with the requirements of morality and justice." Another protest followed December 8, 1925, and in January, 1926. In

this last, directions were given by the Bishops for the use of Catholic pastors; and "moral revaluation" was pointed out as more essential than merely "legal." The revaluation laws were denounced by the Archbishop of Cologne in October, 1927, as a "robbery."

The difficulties in which Germany found herself at the recent Reparations Conference, unable to convince her external creditors of her inability to pay, were pointed out by these defenders of her internal creditors with an "I told you so"; and sober minds among Germany's statesmen were said to regret that the protests of the German Hierarchy had been passed over.

The protests of our American Bishops, and our leading Catholic spokesmen amongst priests and laity on the problems of justice and charity peculiar to this country—such as some of those discussed at these recent conferences—may fall with scant effect at present on the ears of the great powers in our governmental and industrial world. But the time may come when these same powers may wish they had listened a little more to the voice of those who have a thought for the daily needs, the humble rights of those who earn their living from day to day.

THE PILGRIM.

JULIANA

"Every virgin of Christ understands the innate poverty of the human heart, and therefore declines to have it adorned otherwise than by the gifts of her Spouse."—(St. Augustine's letter to Juliana.)

Lashes spun o' shadow's brown,
Lids aware of sheltered fire;
Winsome eyes, unknown to frown,
Brimmed with light of Beautifier;
Girdled hair but zephyrs know,
Brow a miracle of manna;
Bosom smoldering in snow—
Masters, here be Juliana.

Downy cheeks that reconcile
Reigning blush with pale pretender;
Lips, upon confessing smile,
Shrived and blest of pearly splendor;
Mouth o' berry's meat in cream,
Heart that gardens myrrh and canna;
Lover's choice and poet's theme—
Masters, here be Juliana.

Cloistress whom, unvowed of will,
Song has celled and Music choired;
Loveliness, at Vision's grille,
Waiving right to be admiréd;
Frail is she and sweetly fair,
Lingering here like noon's Diana;
Tenderness in Beauty's care—
Masters, here be Juliana.

Guardian, when from her you soar,
Daily chanting far Hosanna,
Bear my song to bards of yore:
"Masters, here be Juliana!"

FRANCIS CARLIN.

Literature

Muddled Middle-Men of Science

ROBERT A. PARSONS, S.J.

THE name of the god of non-euclidean algebra is x . Herr Einstein, a prophet of the unknown allah, dedicates to x , every now and then, a six-page pamphlet of calculus. A newspaper editor solemnly tells us that only ten living men in the world can understand the treatises. Now human nature is so constituted that everyone wants to be numbered with the ten just men. For when we count up heads we find, instead of the original ten, a mighty army burning incense to x .

The growth of mathematical physics and the broadcasting of evolutionary philosophy have produced a strange breed of middle-men. This new intellectual genus deals in science and theology; and he is usually a professor in a girl's college. For want of a better name let us call him the scientific theologian, though in so styling him we do little honor either to science or to theology. Evidently this new middle-man puts himself among the big ten; for he claims that as a result of Herr Einstein's discoveries we are now living in an essentially different era. Consequently, Dr. Barnes of Smith College rules God the Almighty out of the picture, and Dr. Durant Drake of Vassar College condescendingly ushers in his new book "The New Morality."

The literary man is humble and does not lay claim to membership in the big-ten Mathematics Club. But, going under the assumption that these middle-men ought to know what Herr Einstein is talking about, he has formulated a little credo for himself. The tenets of this credo are: Science has brought in a new era; Victorian and all kinds of old-fashioned ethics have disappeared; Christianity is in its last gasp; the world is in chaos and awaits a new dawn which might or might not come, depending on what kind of a cynic you are. Walter Lippmann, a literary man, is humble, so he merely writes "A Preface to Morals."

Charles Beard has all the ear marks of a scientific membership in the big-ten Mathematics Club. But, going under the new with many flourishes. He evidently belongs to the big ten. And so, in his "Whither Mankind," he gathers together kindred spirits and starts to reconstruct the world through the aid of science, or, as he calls it, the machine. James Harvey Robinson, polite as usual, gives the exit to revealed religion; Havelock Ellis sees biology, aided by birth control, bringing up the super-infant; Howard Lee McBain, concludes his article with what is called a smart crack: "Concerning the future of law and government in the Western World, as Richard Hooker says of God, no doubt the safest eloquence is silence." That sounds for all the world like the main thesis of Spengler's "Decline of the West." Bertrand Russell, however, oozes optimism. He tells us that the State will assume the role of father in education, that, in the new instrumental theory of John Dewey, there is no place for the beatific vision nor for any notion of final excellence. Charles Beard gives the final *coup de*

grace to Roman Catholicism by telling us that "Peter's chair is still on the rock, the rock itself has moved; and by no possible stretch of the imagination could the Syllabus of Errors be written now in the terms of 1864."

Turning now to literature we find many curious reactions to the scientific middle-man's sermons. In "Herman Melville," by Lewis Mumford, we come across the following passage: "Much as Melville was enriched by the Elizabethan writers, there is that in Moby Dick which separates him completely from the poets of that day, and if one wants a word to describe the element that makes the difference, one must call it briefly—science." Robert Graves, one of the outposts of the radical poets, says: "I may conclude with a few particular statements about the new poetic Relativity." However, most of the modern poets have reacted differently.

There is no doubt that the underlying assumption of very many novels is that science has ushered in an entirely different era. Usually the people who are to build the new Utopias in H. G. Wells' books are men and women fresh from some biology laboratory. Certainly Sherwood Anderson and D. H. Lawrence have been influenced mainly by Freud and Jung. Regis Michaud in "The American Novel Today" claims that Theodore Dreiser is more of a bio-chemist than an artist. All the emancipated Ann Veronicas and Jessica Mallorays have worked in a biology laboratory, and all scorn the "old categories." Henry Seidel Canby sized it all up in a pungent epigram: "Art for Science's sake."

The modern sensistic poets have reacted violently against the claims of science. They have seen the encroachments of science in their realm; they have read the indictment of their order by scientists like J. B. S. Haldane who stated that "Poetry has lost touch with Science; and Science is the chief interest of the average Englishman today." Some critics foolishly have tried to answer him by counting up the poets like Francis Thompson, who were good scientists; then in another article have condemned Francis Thompson because he belonged to a decadent school. The poets, however, have shifted their aspect of nature to such a degree that it would be even difficult for a scientific detective to find out what is the central idea of their poetry. Hence the tribe of surrealists, for whom Paul Elmer More has so obvious a contempt; hence the followers of pure expressionism, the school of bucolic poets in England, "The Fugitives," and the latter Symbolists.

At length the saner group of critics are applying to modern tendencies what they applied to the tendencies of the past, namely a healthy scepticism. Norman Foerster in "American Criticism" states: "The need of our times can hardly be a continuance of our uncritical scepticism as to the beliefs of the past, but rather a critical scepticism as to the beliefs of the present." In "American Estimates" we read: "The Delphic Oracle has become a laboratory, Apollo a phonograph, and the Muses are busy studying sex and eroticism."

Following up the same idea he concludes that we have had very few novels, much less poetry, and very little drama, because the purpose of the author has been not

artistic but didactic. Hence, he concludes that much of the so-called artistic output can be summed up in a series that would have titles like "Why Men Fail," or "How to Succeed" or "Sex Appeal and What Happens" or "Intellectual Life in New York." In another chapter he concludes: "Probably the job of this generation of critics is with foundations, and we should applaud the attempt to get all the science possible into criticism, and get it right. Unfortunately it is often wrong."

In accordance with the advice of these two gentlemen we pick up "The Nature of the Physical World," by A. S. Eddington. On page 179 we read: "Nowadays whenever enthusiasts meet together to discuss theoretical physics the talk sooner or later turns in a certain direction. You leave them conversing on their special problems or the latest discoveries; but return after an hour and it is any odds that they will have reached an all-engrossing topic—the desperate state of their ignorance."

Can it be possible that scientists are desperately ignorant? I would like to quote George A. Dorsey's article in "Whither Mankind," entitled "Race and Civilization." I am completely puzzled and non-plussed in looking for the reason why that article was included; for evidently George A. Dorsey talks like a scientist, and not like a scientific theologian. The gentleman deserves a vote of thanks, because he quotes from the authorities in genetics and anthropology, and lines them up against the statements of such scientific theologians as Dr. East, Professor McDougall and Dr. Osborn.

Mr. Dorsey quotes the professor of Biology at Johns Hopkins, Raymond Pearl. He (Raymond Pearl) characterizes eugenics literature as a "mingled mass of ill-grounded and uncritical sociology, economics, anthropology, and politics, full of emotional appeals to class and race prejudices, solemnly put forth as science, and unfortunately accepted as such by the public." The article by George Dorsey compensates the buyer for the price of the book, for in it we learn that the *scientist* is careful with his statements, that he has a whole mass of literature that will never reach the public, because he does not know the art of advertising, and that his deadly enemy is not the theologian nor the poet nor the artistic critic but the scientific theologian.

Indeed the sceptic of current opinions is badly needed. A whole field is opened wide for Catholic graduate schools to help to get the truth of science across to the public. And instead of the Rupert Hughes and the Ernest Boyds in literature, we need badly the same type of men who will help to debunk the scientific theologian. The world has been listening so long to the scientific theologian that it has come to believe that we are in a new era where God is ruled out and where a new code of morality is needed. Practically all the literary men and women nowadays come from some university, and the influence of some scientific theologian is seen in their work. If the Catholic could silence this middle-man, I am sure that we would hear less of new eras, less contempt for the "old categories," and a happier and more optimistic message. For how can this new era of science be built on the desperate ignorance of the real scientists?

REVIEWS

Problems of Student Guidance. By MAURICE S. SHEEHY. Philadelphia: The Dolphin Press. \$2.00.

This book has importance as pioneering in a virgin field, so far as Catholic education is concerned. Professedly, it is a study of administrative attitudes and current guidance practices prevalent in American Catholic colleges. It is based on reports furnished by deans, disciplinarians, spiritual advisers, and others qualified by experience to speak with authority, representing some thirty colleges of various types, and covering geographically every section of the country. Accordingly it is no mere speculative study but highly practical, the discussion in almost every chapter being reinforced by illustrative "cases." There may be personal differences about some of the author's suggestions, but agreement will be quite general about his principles and the objectives and motives that should govern the guidance of Catholic collegians. Dr. Sheehy assumes that the college exists for the student; that intelligent personal interest in the student on the part of the faculty is a Catholic tradition; that the recognition of the dignity of the individual is a basic assumption in Christian pedagogy; and that the student's life is not a hodge-podge of diversified activities but to be unified, his physical, intellectual, moral, spiritual, and vocational interests all being integrated to form him to the fulness of Catholic life, which is the final *raison d'être* of our educational system. The book is a challenge to our educators, for while not unappreciative of what the Catholic colleges are doing, it points the way to larger and better opportunities for service. Dr. Sheehy appeals especially for carefully trained student advisers, whose function will be to guide the student unto self-guidance. Though in some details his program may be ideal, it is very far from being impractical. In consequence, the volume may profitably be read by all college executives, professors, disciplinarians, chaplains, confessors, and other functionaries. Moreover, though treating of very technical topics, its facts and their interpretations, along with the author's suggestions, have a far wider range that will make the book informative, stimulating, and helpful for all who have to do with the training of youth in any capacity, as parents, novice masters, and retreat directors. It is, besides, a splendid encomium on what Catholic colleges are doing, and a first-class *apologia* for their existence. Indirectly it answers the questions, Why the Catholic college? and, Why send your son to a Catholic college? It stresses especially those features of Catholic education that are necessarily lacking in a system that ignores the pupil's spiritual and moral life. In this connection the author's remarks on the place of sacramental confession in our educational system are particularly illuminative. F. H. H.

Little Plays of St. Francis. By LAURENCE HOUSMAN. New York: Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith. \$2.50.

Mr. Housman is a good poet and does not fail to give Brothers Francis, Juniper, Giles and Company delightful treatment. These little plays, while not dramatically vigorous, are full of many beautiful passages and embellished with many lovely phrases. It might even be said that there is much spiritual profit to be derived from reading them, and rarely does one pay a book so high a compliment. Mr. Housman combines rich poetic quality with fine spiritual insight. It is always amusing for a Catholic reader to see what a non-Catholic writer will do with the Little Poor Man of Assisi. St. Francis's mysticism was so childlike and uninvolved that it seems to offer good fabric for any pattern of religion. Presbyterians, Puritans, and even Pantheists all hold him as their darling. Mr. Housman is willing to leave him, to all intent, an authentic Catholic—at least for the greater part of the book, having concluded in all fairness, one may presume, that it was the Catholic Church which produced and canonized him after all. But before the book ends he must get in his little touch of infallible "anti-dogmatism." We cannot fail to see how Mr. Housman, when left to his own thoughts, can help accusing himself of dishonesty when he recalls how he deliberately went out of his way in the play "Sister Death" to make the phrase "The Body of Christ" mean something other than the Blessed Sacrament, and

this at a time when Saint Francis was on his deathbed and ready to receive the Holy Viaticum. Mr. Housman even goes so far as to use the liturgical phrase employed in the distribution of Holy Communion in a distorted sense. We wonder too, if Saint Francis would speak of sin as "Brother Sin." All God's creatures were intimate and precious to him, but is sin a creature of God? A little healthy dogmatism tempers the folly of the saints and keeps it from being utter mawkishness. Mr. Housman says in his preface that he has already made one alteration in the conclusion of the play "Sister Death." If he will make one more and either change or omit his own preconceptions about the beautiful truth of the real Bread of Life, we will go full way in thanking him for his charming little book and maybe the Little Poor Man in Heaven will impart on it his blessing. L. F.

Mary, Queen of Scots. By MARGARETE KURLBAUM-SIEBERT. Translated by MARY AGNES HAMILTON. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$5.00.

With avidity lovers of history awaited the much-heralded life of that ill-starred Mary, called the Queen of the Scots. Elizabeth and Essex, Henry VIII and his wives but whetted the appetite for more. But this was to be a translation, and generally a translation is heavy traveling for the average reader. Yet page after page is read and not a trace of a German idiom is found, and to the stylist it is a pleasure to peruse this work for its literary value alone. Scarcely, however, can this latest historical romance be described as "gripping," for its prolixity drags on for five hundred pages. Purposely is the word *romance* used, for it would be misleading to call it an historical biography. To be accredited as a writer of history one must lack bias and tell the truth, and that truth must be able to be verified. Both of these qualities are much to be desired in the author of "Mary, Queen of Scots." From the very beginning Mary is depicted as a rather weak-kneed Catholic, compromising time and again that which she held dearer than her crown, her Faith. Of course the Casket letters had to be quoted. Now historians of note have for many a day disputed their authenticity, for they were produced as testimony by fanatical enemies who had determined by fair means or foul to encompass the downfall of their Queen, and the death of her husband. Yet these same letters with the sonnets are embodied in the text without one word of comment, and the reader naturally draws the conclusion that the accusations against her honor are all too true. There is at least one mystery in this book that requires clearing up. Where did the Queen get such efficient secretaries? They are able to take down word for word long conversations and private interviews; yea, even her intonations, and the flash of her eyes. Mayhaps they were always hiding behind the arras with quill and inkpot poised in one hand and a sheaf of paper in the other. But if the words that are put in the mouths of the various characters are but the imaginings of a perfervid mind, then Margarete Kurlbaum-Siebert has not only failed to write history, but has done incalculable harm by adding one more defamer of her who has ever been styled "The Tragic." J. J. McC.

History of Maryland: Province and State. By MATTHEW PAGE ANDREWS. New York: Doubleday, Doran. \$7.25.

The new and modest form, in which appears the revised successor to Professor Andrews' four-volume "Tercentenary History of Maryland," is frankly disappointing. True, the tribute can be renewed that was paid to the former work for the author's industry, for his pleasant style, and for his gathering a great multitude of interesting items of information as to the past. But the book also reminds one that broader and more solid qualifications than Professor Andrews appears to possess are needed to grapple with the early history of the Colony. The time has passed—to use again a figure twice used already in this connection—for pouring the old liquid of the partisan, exploded theses of Bradley T. Johnson and James Walter Thomas out of one bottle into another, and calling it history. If the controversy between the early missionaries and the second Lord Baltimore "re-

mains wrapped in mystery" (page 104), how is Professor Andrews so positively informed "that Lord Baltimore was profoundly convinced of the wisdom of the separation of the functions of Church and State, and that . . . he was the first of the Founders . . . both to understand the full significance of this principle and also to act upon it," etc.? How, on the other hand, is he so certain that the other parties to this conflict were acting only from selfish motives, were "encroaching," were seeking temporal gain, were setting up a "private system of government," etc.? In spite of the careful exposition of Hughes, the author passes over the principles involved: such as the connection of the "immunities" with the civil rights of Englishmen; with the social and educational plans, for colonist and native, of the early missionaries, as well as the actual practical problems of their support. Thomas Cornwallis receives still a cavalier treatment. A century of oppression, with its reactions on oppressors and oppressed, and its historical irony, is smoothly glided over on the plea that "it would be tedious to go into the details" (page 104). The important controversy on double taxation of Catholics in 1751 is not hinted at. Yet vastly less important details abound. Early Catholic efforts at education, as well as the exhortations and efforts of the Catholic clergy for two centuries in behalf of the Negro slaves are not mentioned; but the sermons of the Rev. Thomas Bacon are carefully chronicled. When "intolerance" is discussed, no distinction is made between the official teaching of the Catholic Church, at the time mentioned, and the acts of its individual members. We read on page 182 (italics his) that "that official Christian Church in its various branches had turned recreant"; yet "the Church to which the Calverts swore spiritual allegiance had, because of its extremists (*sic*), earned an ill reputation for intolerance in Europe." While useful in many ways, the book still shows that the task of compiling a satisfactory review of Maryland's history remains unfulfilled.

J. L. F.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

War Echoes.—A very useful record, "Catholic Military and Naval Chaplains 1776-1917" (St. John's Abbey, Collegeville, Minn. \$2.50) has been added to our scant reference books by Dom Aidan Henry Germain. As he says in his preface, the story of what Catholic priests have done for the spiritual welfare of the military and naval service of the United States has never been told from the official files of the Government. He did not suffer this handicap and therefore is able to supply details from the documentary evidence of the Government's archives dating from the Revolution to 1917. A compact and most instructive chapter of Catholic American history is thus made available at the opportune moment when our fair repute as citizens is being subjected to so many calumnies. A list of the chaplains who served in the Confederate armies is a very interesting and valuable addition to the roll. As Dom Germain is writing for Catholic records it might seem that he places too much stress on the plea "that only an official chaplain is a true chaplain." It may be true technically according to the canons of departmental red tape, but not when measured by spiritual standards. A case in point is his exclusion of the Jesuit Father Bernard O'Reilly who was a member of the band who went to the front from Fordham and was thereafter one of the best known figures in Meagher's Irish Brigade. Access to official data has enabled this author to correct some of the mistakes of previous writers on this subject. But he is not faultless himself. For instance, he misspells Father O'Reilly's name in the above citation (p. 52). However this might be set down as an irony of fame. The latter-day Msgr. Bernard O'Reilly, friend and biographer of Pope Leo XIII, voluminous publicist, is little known to the present uninterested generation.

The University of California Publications in Modern Philology, Vol. 14, No. 2, is devoted to "Echoes of the American Revolution in German Literature" by Henry Safford King. He traces the literary results of the Revolution in a politically weak and disorganized Germany where paternalism was rampant and finds them negative, except in a very slow renaissance of political thought of the conception of freedom on a basis of natural right.

One of the notable changes was the influencing of many German

thinkers to have serious misgivings regarding English sincerity and humanity. The chapter on the intensely human picture of the victims of the sordid system that sold the Hessian mercenaries to war against the Continental armies is most interesting in the indignant protests cited against this shameful enterprise so humiliating to German national pride.

The "Catholic Mind."—Four papers of interest to parents and teachers make up the issue of the *Catholic Mind* for July 22. Edward M. Standing discusses the Montessori method and its relation to Catholic thought and practice, and helps to dispel some of the misapprehension with which the Dottoressa's work was once regarded. Archbishop McNicholas, Bishop Rummel, and Bishop McCarthy of Sandhurst, Australia, are the other contributors, with messages of practical help and encouragement for parents in the religious training of their children.

Phases of Literature.—In order to help the inexperienced reader to distinguish the best from the mediocre and the bad, and to get the most out of the best, Jay B. Hubbell has written "The Enjoyment of Literature" (Macmillan. \$2.00). The essentials of literary criticism, diluted to meet the requirements of introductory courses in English literature, are clearly presented and widely illustrated in chapters that deal with the fundamentals of drama, poetry, prose, fiction and biography. There is a discussion of the nature of criticism, the various conflicting views of it, and the different methods of application. Some of the authors referred to in the bibliographies and mentioned throughout the text would hardly be safe guides to immature readers. One suspects the author's sincerity in his valuations and praise of certain writers. There is an implied approval, to say the least, of outline and survey courses, which are now generally condemned as destructive of real scholarship and fatal to the full enjoyment of literature.

Ernest Erwin Leisy takes stock of our literature in the interpretative survey of its progress and development, "American Literature" (Crowell. \$2.50). The book is divided into four sections which discuss successively the Puritan Tradition, the Pioneer Spirit, the Romantic Impulse, and the American Scene since 1860. Modern developments as well as all of the long steps by which our literature has climbed to the plane of culture which merited from foreign critics the judgment that America had reached maturity, are here indicated with clear exemplification. An appendix is added giving a list of American writers and their works, a sketch of American periodical literature, and a selected bibliography.

Catholic writers are well represented in the selections and references for suggested readings which make up the major part of "Constructive Theme Writing" (Holt. \$2.50) by Mary Ellen Chase. With a minimum of precepts and a certain disdain for cold forms and types of composition, the selections are arranged under the headings of themes of experience, of fact and information, of thought and reflection. Each chapter is followed by exercises and suggested reading lists. Both the material and the method have been tested by wide experience in the class room. The book should help the sincerely ambitious student to write with interest and accuracy.

William Webster Ellsworth, the former president of the Century Company, is well qualified by his long experience as a publisher to take the part of a guide for those who aspire to authorship. This he does in "Creative Writing" (Funk & Wagnalls. \$2.00), a book of advice from one who knows what the publishers want and what the aspiring writer needs. Such topics as "The Joy of Writing" "Writing Poetry," "About Short-Story Writing" are helpful, but the familiar, chatty tone of the chapters on authors, their occupations, their lives, are sure to save the book from dullness. Perhaps the most interesting discussion of the book is found in the diverse opinions of many authors in reply to the question: "Does College Teach One to Write?" There are four appendices with a list of American authors of the nineteenth century, authors in the United States, and a list of the style rules more commonly used by the leading magazines.

The Bradmoor Murder. Yes Man's Land. Dearest Idol. Silver Ribbons. The Black Camel. It's All Right.

Those who take their thrills in light, short charges, will enjoy the series of murder mysteries which Melville Davisson Post has collected from his contributions to various fiction magazines. The book takes its name from the first story in the group, "The Bradmoor Murder" (Sears. \$2.00). Two criminal experts from Scotland Yard, Sir Godfrey Simon, alienist, and Sir Henry Marquis, chief of the department, work in conjunction on these criminal investigations. The former takes care of deductions, the latter organizes and directs the action. There is ingenuity in the plots of these seven short-length thrillers, and charm in the manner of telling a weird tale as well as ability to create the atmosphere of mystery. In fact this atmosphere becomes so enveloping that it is not always dispelled even by the author's very rational explanations and perfectly natural solutions.

H. C. Witwer, the creator of the "American Slangage," writes a typical yarn which gives full play to his talent for distorting phrases, turning puns and tipping sentences with witty stings. "Yes Man's Land" (Putnam. \$2.00) is the story of "Gentleman Jack" as told by his manager, Monty Evans. The smile of a pretty waitress in Hollywood turns Jack's thoughts from the boxing ring to the silver screen. The pretty blonde becomes a movie queen and forgets her benefactor. Jack wins out in the end. The story can enliven the quiet hammock hours if there are breaks for the monotony of an abundant, quick, at times, forced humor.

"Dearest Idol" (Bobbs-Merrill. \$2.00), by Walter Beckett, is the story of a spoiled boy who at the age of seventeen fell under the guidance of a maiden aunt who almost paralyzed him with devotion. Of course, he was egocentric and learned only when it was too late that his admirers could lead lives which excluded him. His education is completed when he discovers that his trusted friend and his wife have been lovers. There follows mutual forgiveness and regeneration. The story is unimpressive, the style is undistinguished, the theme is very old. There is neither the virtue of surprise nor conviction in the story.

There is a distinctly feminine touch even to the jacket of "Silver Ribbons" (Menkle. \$2.00) with its modest blue coloring, its slender bands of silver and its print of the hospitable entrance to the old ancestral home of the Davis clan. Christine Writing Parmenter has the ability to make a very prim and somewhat faded plot a bright, graceful, interesting tale. In spite of the austere New England atmosphere and the pride of tradition and ancestry, Grandma Davis and Charmion are made delightfully attractive characters. The best room of the old family house is turned into a store where Grandma Davis sells odds and ends and Dr. Howe's assistant is received as a boarder. Charmion gives much material for the village gossips.

Earl Derr Biggers elevates his oriental sleuth to the rank of inspector and makes him a member of the Honolulu police. In return Charlie Chan, quoting an old Eastern saying: "Death is the black camel that kneels unbid at every gate," gives Mr. Biggers a title for his story about the mysterious death of Shelah Fane, the Hollywood star. "The Black Camel" (Bobbs-Merrill. \$2.00) is a good exercise in the art of guessing. Hints and clues are not lacking; the number of suspects is definitely limited; alibis are built and shattered; but the secret is guarded until the end. The characters are consistently drawn, the motivation is good, the dialect of Charlie Chan a bit tiresome after the first chapters. But one is ready to overlook this when they find him solving two mysteries in one clever stroke.

"It's All Right" (Herder. \$2.00) is another novel by Inez Specking. Miss Specking's name on a book is a guarantee of its being a wholesome and a clean-minded tale. She writes with considerable ease and, at times, with much literary charm; and she is to be praised and admired for obvious high purpose in novel making and for her splendid sense of decency. Although the present novel is not boring, still, even the most mildly sophisticated will have cause to complain of its very slim story value. The plot is decidedly unoriginal and threadbare. Someday, when a really moving theme comes her way, Miss Specking may write a very good novel. She has the ability to do so.

Communications

Letters to ensure publication should not, as a rule, exceed 500 words. The editors are not responsible for opinions expressed in this department. No attention will be paid to anonymous communications.

A Link with the Far-away Antipodes

To the Editor of AMERICA:

The last mail from New Zealand brings copies of the excellent *Tablet* of Dunedin giving details of the ceremonies at a new convent school there of the Religious of the Sacred Heart at which the venerable Archbishop Redwood of Wellington presided. His Grace, in his address, was reminiscent of the pioneer community of these Religious in New Zealand, and thus drew attention to one of the links that connect the progress of the Church in the Antipodes with the United States. The first Convent of the Sacred Heart in New Zealand was established in 1880 by Mother Boudreau, who, in 1866, succeeded Mother Hardey as Superior at Manhattanville, New York, where she had been Mistress General for thirty years. Mother Boudreau was then sent as Vicar to Louisiana in 1872. Here, at St. Michael's, she took care of two Marist priests who were yellow-fever victims. One of them, Father Goutenoir, went back to New Zealand, where he persuaded Bishop Redwood, who was contemplating the opening of a school for the higher education of girls, to ask for a foundation of the Religious of the Sacred Heart. The request was granted and Mother Boudreau was deputed to select the subjects from the Missouri Province. At St. Louis she took with her as companion Mother Baudrey Garesché, and set sail from San Francisco. The first New Zealand convent was opened at Timaru early in 1880, but Mother Boudreau did not have the happiness of witnessing its success, as she died there on February 10, 1880. Archbishop Redwood specially mentioned Mother Garesché's unpleasant experience on the long journey and how very ill she was during the voyage across the Pacific. The older members of the Communities at Manhattanville, Kenwood and Eden Hall remember the Archbishop. He made them several visits. He always brought his famous violin with him and treated them to a little concert. Archbishop Ryan jokingly used to refer to him as "the Fiddler Bishop." His Grace is now the doyen of the Hierarchy of the Church: born January 6, 1839, he was appointed Bishop of Wellington Feb. 10, 1874, and elevated to the Archbishopric, May 13, 1887. In spite of his great age and laborious career he is still vigorously active in his official life.

Mother Woodlock, now Mistress of Novices in Australia, is a niece of the Hon. Thomas F. Woodlock of the Interstate Commerce Commission. She was educated at Manhattanville and at Kenwood, entering religion after graduating from the latter institution.

New York.

T. F. M.

"Black Jews"

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In the issue of AMERICA for July 6, mention was made, with some scepticism, of the pretensions of a certain Negro writer who insists that he belongs to a tribe of "Black Jews" located "somewhere south of Timbuku."

Before considering the question of the possibility of the claimant's contention, it is well to remember that distinctive Hebrewisms, indicative of a strong Jewish infiltration at a very early period, are to be found among Negro tribes in many parts of West Africa.

Archeologists are at present bringing to light unmistakable evidence of the reality of what was long regarded as a fantastic myth—the existence of a Jewish kingdom at Ghana, located south of the Sahara, which was finally destroyed in 790 A.D., after the reign of forty-four white kings of supposedly Jewish origin.

Another and even more influential Jewish strain may be traced up the Nile, starting probably in the sixth century, B.C. and passing along about the twelfth parallel of north latitude, by way of Lake Chad, to the Niger River, where under the Songhai dom-

inance the greatest Negro empire of all time was established. The Jewish temple at Elephantine, destroyed about 410 B.C., was only one step in this migratory movement, and terra-cotta heads found by Frobenius in the Yoruba Country of West Africa, brought thither, it is suggested, by Jewish commerce from Egypt, have been identified by no less an authority than Sir Flinders Petrie to be of the same classification as similar objects picked up in the foreign quarter at Memphis and definitely assigned to the fifth century B.C.

In connection with the Songhai empire of the Niger, it is interesting to note that its two first dynasties were derived from a white aristocracy in which a strong Hebrew strain may be detected, and which manifested a culture of so high a standard that, even when forced to give way to the Negro dynasty of the Askias, their spirit endured in a Negro university established at Timbuktu, which became such a center of scholarship that Arabs came from all parts of the Mohammedan world to avail themselves of its facilities. And it certainly goes counter to the popular concept of illiteracy in medieval Africa to find that when this Negro university of Timbuktu was destroyed in 1594, Ahmed Baba, the black jurist and scholar, on being led away into captivity, bemoaned, not his privation of liberty, but only the loss of his great library of 1,600 tomes. How many scholars of the universities of enlightened Europe in that day could boast of such a library?

Much of the African civilization of the period is ultimately due, in all likelihood, to a strong infiltration of a Jewish element in the aristocracy of the parent stock of some of the Negro tribes.

While, then, in certain classes of Africans the influence of Jewish antecedents has been preserved in greater or less degree both in language and in customs, and above all in religious beliefs and practices, nevertheless, it is extravagant to speak of "Black Jews," whether "south of Timbuktu" or anywhere else. The Jewish element at best was originally nothing more than an infiltration, usually in the ruling aristocracy, and has been long since absorbed by the dominant Negro strain.

Boston.

JOSEPH J. WILLIAMS, S.J.

Catholicism? Catholicity?

To the Editor of AMERICA:

May I come to the defense of Brother Schieber in the tilt between him and The Pilgrim in the issue of AMERICA for June 8, in regard to "Catholicity" and "Catholicism"?

In spite of the definitions given in Webster's later dictionaries, I take sides with Brother Schieber, and urge that Catholics stand fast for the term *Catholicity* in referring to their religion. I do not believe that dictionaries, even Webster's, possess the quality of infallibility. In fact, Webster's dictionary has reversed the definitions of the two words since the edition of 1891. It is not without the range of possibility that compilers of a dictionary may go to the wrong source for their information.

"Catholicism," it seems to me, places the Catholic religion on terms of equality with Presbyterianism, Lutheranism, Methodism, Unitarianism, and various other sects. In other words, it makes of the Catholic religion merely a branch, a sect. But Catholics hold that their religion is no sect, no branch, but the main vine planted by Christ, the true Christianity, which we do not call "Christianism."

There is ground for taking issue with The Pilgrim in regard to his insinuation that there is no disparagement attached to "ism" as a suffix. Sometimes there is. Are not Catholics forbidden to subscribe to ontologism, yet urged to study ontology? Would The Pilgrim hold that the words *Christianity* and *Christianism* are in equally good taste? Would he hold that "liberality" and "liberalism" were in the same standing? And does he think that "universality" and "universalism" are synonymous terms?

I believe (and I do not think I stand alone in this belief) that the use of the term *Catholicism* ranks the Catholic religion merely as another sect, another schism. If the Catholic were but a sect, it would mean that the Catholic Church had lost its way, that Christ was no longer with it, as He promised, for is it not the error of the sects that they accept only such of Christ's doctrine as they choose? Are not Catholics different from sects?

I wish The Pilgrim would give the subject another thought. If he does, I am rather inclined to think he will reverse his opinion, and hold with Brother Schieber for the term *Catholicity*, which embraces the whole of Christ's teaching, and has no connotation of sectarianism. Scholasticism and Platonism are branches of philosophic thought, Americanism shows the branch of nationality, but the Catholic religion is not a branch of Christianity. It is Christianity.

I think the young sodalist has the right idea as well as the right ideal, and I wish him success.

Chicago.

ELAN S. MICHAEL.

[The Pilgrim bases his advocacy of the word *Catholicism* on the usual rule that the suffix "-ity" denotes a quality, as "liberality," "universality," and "-ism" denotes a system, as "liberalism," "universalism." The essential point is that two separate ideas should be denoted by two separate terms: "Catholicism," denoting the body of Catholic teaching and practice; "catholicity," that particular quality or mark by which the Church is "catholic" or universal. This is in accord with practically all European languages, following the Latin: French, *catholicisme*, *catholicité*; German, *Katholizismus*, *Katholizität*; etc. Even *cristianesimo* (literally, "Christianism") is used in Papal utterances, as well as *cattolicismo*.—Ed. AMERICA.]

"Patriotism" and Americanization

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Perhaps your readers will be amused, as I was, by the incident that follows. It illustrates the remarkable ethical and justice sense imbuing the more zealous of our "patriots."

Plans were afoot to celebrate Independence Day. The local post of the American Legion had issued a call for the representatives of the several fraternal organizations to meet and receive place assignments in the parade. The representatives met together, six in all, four men and two women. It was carefully explained to the group that organization place in the parade would be determined by drawing lots numbered from one to six. On being finally asked if they approved the method of the committee in charge, the group unanimously assented. The drawing then took place, with the ladies, by courtesy, given first choice from the lots. The men then drew; and on opening the lots it was found that the last man to draw, a representative of an Italo-American organization, had won first place. Hereupon two of the women arose and hotly protested the result, saying that their organizations would not march behind any "foreigners." Having delivered this ultimatum, the two women stalked out in high dudgeon.

These quaint souls represented the Dames of Malta and the Ladies of the Junior Order of American Mechanics.

Now the peculiar brand of patriotism exemplified here is rather prevalent in the smaller communities of our country; it is assiduously cultivated by the spell-binder type of sectarian preacher it shows no perceptible signs of abating, and manifests itself unexpectedly.

By the way, the next time the difficulty of assimilating foreign peoples into our body politic is deplored it might be well to recall this incident.

Wilson, Pa.

JEROME BLAKE.

National Flag Contest

To the Editor of AMERICA:

I understand that Mr. W. R. Hearst, owner of the chain of newspapers, offered a substantial prize for the best essay and oral examination in American history and civics. The first place was won by R. L. Sullivan, a Catholic boy in a Catholic school.

About five years ago, Mr. Hearst had a leading article in the Sunday edition of the *New York American*, trying to prove that one educated in a private (Catholic) school could not be a good American citizen, "because he was not educated with his fellow-citizens." The article appeared the Sunday before the 1924 National Democratic Convention, held in New York City, and was prompted by reasons best known to Mr. Hearst.

That the first prize for the National Flag Contest was won by a Catholic boy educated in a Catholic school should be an instructive item of news for Mr. Hearst.

Ranger, Tex.

MICHAEL COLLINS.